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THE
MAID of ORLEANS.

Written by Mons. DE VOLTAIRE.

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TRANSLATED from the FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR 1758.

THE

RECORD OF THE

WARRIOR

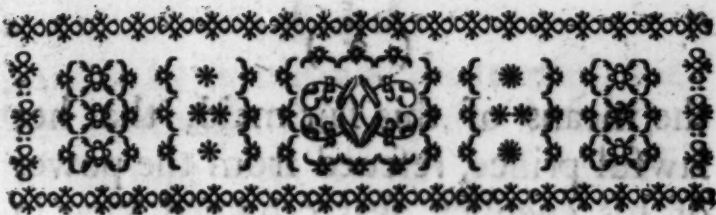
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THE TWO



W. G. D. N.


Printed in the Year 1852



THE
MAID OF ORLEANS.

The FIRST BOOK.

*The Amours of CHARLES VII. and
AGNES SOREL. The Siege of Or-
leans by the English. The Appari-
tion of St. Dennis, &c.*

INCE you desire that I
should sing of Saints, altho'
my voice be weak, and more
accustomed to profane sub-
jects; I will notwithstanding celebrate
the miraculouse exploits of our illustrious
JOAN, who with her virgin hand snatch-
ed the lillies of France from the rapa-
cious grasp of brutal England. It was by

B

the

the means of this fair maid, that her lawful prince, rescued from the power of his enemies, was crowned king in the great church of Rheims.

Beneath a gentle female countenance, and within the precincts of her petticoats and boddice, this nymph possessed heroic courage; was a very Rolando in womanish attire. Wherefore, for my simple choice, I should have preferred a milder companion to pass my nights with.

The invincible JOAN D'ARC, whose mighty feats I am going to rehearse, was lion-hearted; as, courteous reader, you will perceive in the sequel of this work. Although her deeds be so astonishing as to make weak mortals tremble, yet it must be confessed, that the preserving her maidenhead for one entire year, was not the least considerable of them.

It would be improper to proceed farther, without invoking thee, O! Chapelain! who, on thy ill-strung fiddle of grating and gothic memory, detested

detested by Apollo and the tuneful nine, hast miserably scraped the history of our heroine with a badly rosined bow. If, in order to do honour to thy cause, thou shouldst offer me the loan of thy antiquated muse, let that intended favour be transferred from me to De la Motte Houdart, or some worthy member of his academy.

The good King Charles, then in the bloom of youth, happened to be in the city of Tours, just about Easter-tide, and was invited to a ball (his majesty was fond of dancing) and there, for the general good of France, met a young beautiful damsel, called Agnes Sorel.

The god of love had never exhibited to mortal eye any form equal to hers. She had the youthful bloom of Flora, joined to the shape and air of the wood nymphs. The bewitching gracefulness of Venus appeared in every act of hers; and endless smiles dimpled on her cheeks. In art she equal-

ed Aracne, and rivalled the syrens by the melody of her songs.

In fine, she possessed every perfection. No hero, philosopher, or king, could behold her victorious charms, without being immediately desirous of wearing her chains. Whoever saw her must be smitten, and in his bosom feel a growing warmth, fanned by tender desires.

No happiness could equal that of ogling the beauteous nymph, of sighing for a favourable opportunity, and of trembling when they attempted to declare their mind to her. To fondly press her soft and snowy hand, was extatic rapture, while flashes of passion darted from the expressive eye, followed by an agreeable disorder; with which she knew how to sympathize, reciprocally please, and bring matters to a kind conclusion in one day.

Though princes and kings are said to ride post in love, yet Sorel, a complete mistress of the alluring art, meant to cover her proceedings with a mysterious

rious veil; but it proved of too slight a texture to impose on the knowing eyes of courtiers, expert in all vicious pursuits.

However, that this intrigue might be carried on with as much secrecy as possible, the king chose for his confident the sage counsellor Bonneau, an honest native of Tours. The employment given to him on this occasion is not to be despised, because it has always been held in esteem at courts; and acquires, for the so commissioned, the flattering title of the prince's friend: which forward citizens, and rude provincials, often degrade to that of pimp, procurer, &c.

The commodious Bonneau was lord of a castle, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Loire. Thither, on a certain evening, the fair Sorel was conducted in a boat; where, as soon as it was become dark night, the king arrived.

The happy pair supped together, Bonneau attending to present them

with the choicest wine. Altho' the supper was elegant, it was free from all ostentation. The gods of revelry could never boast of so tasteful a repast.

The lovers, full of bland emotions and keen joy; drunk with love, and agitated by fierce desires, interchanged exciting glances, the fore-runners of impetuous blifs. Kind preludes, without any indecent freedoms, gave a spur to their eager passion.

The king gazed on her with devouring eyes; and while he said to her the softest and the kindest things, pressed her knees with his. To the supper succeeded a concert of Italian musick. Three different voices were mixed with the fiddles, flutes, and hautboys.

They sang the allegorical histories of the many renowned heroes who had yielded to love, and renounced the paths of glory to obtain favours from the fair one they admired.

The

The musick being performed apart, in a place near to the chamber where the good king supped, the beautiful Agnes, unseen by any of the minstrels, heard all with the greatest discretion, and decorum imaginable.

The silver moon having ascended to the summit of her course (which signifies it was midnight) the favourable hour for lovers; in a neatly gilt alcove, neither too dark nor too enlightened, Sorel's world of charms was received between two holland sheets.

Near the alcove, a door stood invitingly open, which mother Alix, a perfect mistress of her trade in attending pleasurable ladies, purposely forgot to shut. Now, judge, all ye happy mortals who have felt, and sacrificed to the power of love, how ardent must have been the French monarch's feeling on this occasion. As soon as his hair was braided in tresses, and exquisite perfumes poured thereon, he darted like lightning into the bed of his beloved.

Their hearts beat riotous, while love and modesty dispute for the ascendant in the lady's heart. A lively blush mantles on her forehead ; but modesty soon gives way, and love prevails. The prince incontinently caresses her with the most eager tenderneſs ; his eyes blazing with paſſion ! dazzled ! enraptured ! he greedily runs over all her charms ! which aggregate of beauty no man can ſee, without inſtantly paying idolatrous worſhip.

Beneath her neck, whiter than alabaſter, ſwell at a proper diſtance from each other, two orbs, moſt delicately moulded by the hand of love. They riſe to provoke, and fall to make you follow them. A lovely bud-roſe crowns each hemisphere. Delicious orbs ! that, by inceſſantly moving, expreſs a ſtrong antipathy to dull inaction. They ſwell to court the hand's kind preſſure ; every eye to admire : and all lips to kiſs them.

Moved by a ſtrong deſire to pleaſe my readers, my firſt intention was
to

to ravish their eyes with a naked view of Sorel's person, formed according to all the rules of symmetry. But that mental virtue, called Decency, pulled me by the sleeve, and whispered, "let not thy daring pencil deviate to obscurity in your pictures."

The king views Sorel with a lover's eye;
She has no faults, or he no faults can spy.

The more he examines, the more he discovers new beauties! new charms in every part of her!—Enjoyment, to which Sorel was not an enemy, enriches her with new graces; diffuses a new spirit through every feature. What painter will pretend to cope with Cupid, whose offspring, Pleasure, is the chief embellisher of beauty? Thus, during three successive months, our loving pair enjoyed all the raptures of love.

When they rose from bed, their scene of joy, their force was renewed, and spirits revived, by a delicious breakfast, whose ingredients were of

the keenest restoratives. Risen from breakfast, their next business was to mount on Spanish horses, and thro' a sporting country emuoussly pursue the cry of hounds.

Returned from the chace, they plunge into a prepared bath, impregnated with perfumes, arabian spices, and all requisites to soften, and give a smooth polish to the skin. They with luxury underwent a copious ablution.

The hour of bathing over, they sat down to dinner, in which all elegance and delicacy were displayed. The pheasant and the heath-cock shone conspicuous in the midst of a smoking sauce, whose rich variety charmed the nose, tickled the palate, and cheared the eye.

Sparkling champagne, of the best growth, with the precious liquor of Tokai, gave new warmth to their hearts, and a sudden gaiety to their thoughts. The dispute then was, who should say the cleverest things.

During

During the digestion of their dinner, (as usual) there was some serious talk ; some tales told in order to raise a laugh : and scandalous reports against some acquaintance. Alain, the poet of the court, was called in to rehearse his verses. To him succeeded some doctors of Sorbonne, to give their opinion in matters of religion. These reverend gentry were followed by a parrot, a monkey, and a harlequin.

Evening come on, the king with a select company repairs to the play-house, and closes the happy day by renewing scenes of love in the arms of his dear Sorel. They are intoxicated with a flood of passion ; and so violent is each attack, that it seems as if it were the first ; for as they continue, (instead of abating) their ardour heightens, and their pleasure rises.

Their embraces were not thwarted by the suspicion of an infidelity on either side. Wherefore, not the least murmur was heard. Their blissful hours were better employed in vigorous exertion.

ertion. Near Sorel, love and time have no wings.

As the king pressed her eagerly in his arms, devouring her lips with fiery kisses, thus did he give vent to the ardour of his heart : “ O, idol of my
 “ soul ! my lovely Agnes ! I prize
 “ your charms above this world, and
 “ all its vain contents. What a folly
 “ is it to mis-spend one’s time to
 “ conquer and to reign ? I now
 “ am banished by my parliament, and
 “ *France* is in thralldom to the haugh-
 “ ty Monarch of England. Let it con-
 “ tinue so, while I am sovereign of
 “ my dear Sorel’s heart, a nobler em-
 “ pire, and of which he must envy
 “ me the possession ; as thereby I
 “ think myself the greater monarch
 “ of the two.”

Though this passionate declaration betrays nothing of heroic sentiments in Charles ; yet, when we consider, heroes at best are but men : and when clasped in the arms of a pretty woman, they, like others, are apt to forget

forget themselves, and say foolish things.

Whilst the French monarch led this voluptuous life, which rivalled that of the most wanton abbot in his realm; the British prince indulging his warlike disposition, was ever in the field, armed cap-a-pé, and trampling on his gallic vassals.

He marches, nay he runs, from victory to victory. No town-walls can resist his efforts. Hostile towers tumble down in obedience to his nod. In one place he causes an effusion of French blood. In another he seizes all their treasures. These he taxes; those he plunders. Here he gives up mothers and daughters a prey to his soldiery. There he commands the ravishing of nuns; and robs the Bernardine fryars of their best and favourite wines: a sensible grievance to them, and which they bewailed more than his stripping their image-saints of their golden surtouts, in order to convert them into current cash.

So

So little respect had this wicked king for either the virgin Mary, or her dearly beloved son, that he debased many a church of theirs into stables for his cavalry. Thus oft-times we see ravening wolves break into a sheep-fold; with merciless teeth they tear the trembling prey, and gorge their dire appetite with innocent blood: while far off on the plain sleeps thoughtless Colin in the bosom of Egeria; his couchant dog close by, and leisurely devouring what remained of their supper.

While affairs went thus shamefully on in France; from the highest heaven, the dwelling-place of saints, (quite out of the reach of mortal ken) the holy Denis, who had been the apostle to preach christianity among the Gauls, saw with deep concern the miserable state to which the English tyrant had reduced the kingdom his saintship was so fond of. His affliction redoubled at seeing the famous city of Paris in subjection to the enemy;

enemy ; and the thoughtless prince of France solely intent on kissing the wench Sorel.

The benevolent Denis, you must know, courteous reader, is patron of France, as Mars was that of Rome, or Pallas of Athens ; making this difference, however, that one Romish saint is worth more than all the Pagan gods put together.

“ O ! by my head,” (a favourite oath of his) quoth Denis, “ it is
 “ against all justice that the august
 “ Gallic empire, in which I have
 “ planted the christian faith, should
 “ be thus overturned ——— Alas ! thy
 “ lillies, unhappy France, are now in
 “ danger of fading. I sincerely feel
 “ for all the misfortunes that have
 “ happened to the royal blood of Va-
 “ lois. O ! may it never come to
 “ pass, that the insolent brothers of
 “ English Henry the Vth shall, with-
 “ out right or reason, exclude the law-
 “ ful heir. For my part (tho’ a saint)
 “ I honestly confess (for which God
 “ pardon

“ pardon me) that I have a mortal
 “ aversion to the English.

“ My hatred to them is well ground-
 “ ed on religious principles ; for I have
 “ read in the book of destiny, that in
 “ future times, this reasoning and tu-
 “ multuous people will spurn at Rome,
 “ turn all her power to ridicule, make
 “ public jests of her bulls ; and, for a
 “ final completion of their impiety,
 “ will make a pope’s effigy undergo
 “ annual conflagration. Let us there-
 “ fore take Time by the forelock, and
 “ revenge the sacrilegious affront that
 “ is to be committed in after times.

“ It sooths my thoughts, however,
 “ in my present anguish, to know
 “ that my adopted children, the
 “ French, will continue good Ro-
 “ man Catholicks, when the wicked
 “ English shall be hereticks. O ! let
 “ us now strike, now avenge our
 “ country’s wrongs ; let us now ex-
 “ terminate this bull-dog race. Let
 “ us, by some happy device, now con-
 “ trive to punish them, for all the
 “ mis-

“ mischief they are to be guilty of
 “ hereafter.” Thus spoke Gallia’s
 reverend apostle, stuffing his prayer
 with frequent maledictions.

During the saint’s soliloquy above
 on the azure vault ; below on earth,
 in the city of Orleans a council was
 held. For this city was then blocked
 up by the English, and just on the
 point of being forced from its alle-
 giance to Charles.

Some noblemen, and some person-
 ages learned in the laws ; warriors the
 former, but the latter pedants, in dif-
 ferent files deplored the general cala-
 mity. Though all speeches terminated
 alike in, “ What is to be done ? ”
 Poton, La Hire, and the brave Du-
 nois, cried aloud, biting their fingers
 with indignation at their monarch’s
 shameful conduct, “ Let us to the
 “ field, my friends, and there fall
 “ nobly in our country’s cause.

“ May the English, who think to
 “ make an easy capture of us, find
 “ nothing here but smoke and ashes.”

Then

Then spoke La Trimouille; " Let
 " us wait till to-morrow, and we shall
 " see fine sport." The President,
 Louvet, well known in those days,
 and who, from his solemn counte-
 nance, might have been deemed sage,
 thus harangued: " It is my opinion
 " that we publish a parliamentary
 " edict against the English, for
 " their heinous offences to us; and
 " that we be cautious to proceed
 " against them, but according to the
 " most rigorous terms of the law."

All their fine discourses on the oc-
 casion proved quite inconclusive. At
 the end of their debate they perceived,
 through the window of the room they
 were assembled in, a beautiful appear-
 ance, with a rosy complexion, sliding
 gently downward from heaven on a
 sun-beam.

A divine fragrance, by which the
 approach of saints is intimated to
 sinful mortals, was inhaled by all pre-
 sent. The beautiful Denis (for all
 saints are handsome after their canoni-
 sation,

sation, no matter how ugly they had been whilst alive) had on his episcopal attire, and of exquisite workmanship, in order to create the more respect in those whom he was about to encourage by his holy presence.

In their first alarm, before they gave themselves time to reconnoitre the celestial missionary, La Trimonille in a hurry, being an abandoned rake, and bigotted devotee, dropt on his knees, and prayed as fast as his tongue could gabble.

The wicked Le Richmond, remarkable for his blasphemies and oaths, roared, "that what they saw
 " was the devil, just come piping-
 " hot from the bottom of hell; and
 " that, for his part, he had no objection to enter into a conference
 " with squire Lucifer."

But poor Louvet, not being of so bold a temperament, ran as fast as he could for a pitcher full of holy water; while Poton, La Hire, Dunois, gazed on each other with eyes of stupified
 amaze-

amazement. Their frightened valets were all prostrate on the ground.

The object approaches nearer and nearer, and at last the holy phantom enters the room through the window, without opening it, on his beam of light on which he had slid down from heaven. On seeing the consternation his coming had caused, the saint, in order to dissipate their fears, and that they might know him for an angel of grace, gave them his benediction ; at which the boldest of them fell a crossing and prostrating themselves ; but he raised them up with a paternal fondness, and spoke in the mildest manner :

“ Be not frightened, my children.
 “ I am Denis, and by trade a saint.
 “ I loved France formerly, and was
 “ the first who taught her the cate-
 “ chism. But, on my conscience, now
 “ I am greatly scandalized to see this
 “ degenerate god-son of mine, idle
 “ Charles, at the very time his coun-
 “ try is reduced almost to ashes, in-
 “ stead

“stead of taking up arms to defend
 “her, amusing himself in the arms
 “of a strumpet, whose insatiate cra-
 “ving (heav’n knows) can take much
 “more than he, weak prince, is able
 “to furnish.

“I am come down to assist all
 “brave Frenchmen, who, despising
 “their monarch’s inglorious example,
 “have taken up arms in their coun-
 “try’s defence. I am come fully re-
 “solved to put an end to all your
 “sufferings.

“As physicians have wisely ob-
 “served, contraries are cured by con-
 “traries; therefore, since Charles has
 “shamefully lost his kingdom and
 “honour through a whore; I intend
 “to counterwork his destiny, and re-
 “cover both by the means of an im-
 “maculate virgin, that has never
 “known a Man. Therefore I en-
 “treat ye all who hear me, if in your
 “hearts you be Frenchmen and Chri-
 “stians; if you have any Love for
 “your king, the state, and the church,
 “to

“ to assist me in this holy enterprize,
 “ and point out to me here in Orleans
 “ the pure nest where we are to find
 “ this phoenix, a maidenhead, that I
 “ may lay my hand on it.”

As the venerable Seer finished his
 discourse, the rude auditors burst into
 a fit of laughter. Le Richemond,
 who was naturally a joker and a wag,
 thus replied : “ Faith, good father
 “ preacher, or Mr. Saint, if you would
 “ rather be so called, it was not worth
 “ while to quit your heavenly abode,
 “ to seek a jewel you value so much,
 “ among so wicked a people as we
 “ are. It is somewhat supernatural,
 “ I confess, to think of saving a town
 “ by the means of a maidenhead. But
 “ why expect to find one among us
 “ French folks ? Besides, it would
 “ have been much easier for you to
 “ have brought one down with you
 “ from heaven, where you collect
 “ them all, to put in magazines, as
 “ fast as they die here below.

“ There

“ There you have them in crowds ;
 “ thousands and ten thousands ; but
 “ alas ! amongst us there is hardly any
 “ such thing to be found, on account
 “ of the numerous poachers of all
 “ ranks, from the prince to the pea-
 “ fant ; from the general to our com-
 “ mon soldiers : who indeed, of late,
 “ get more bastards at home, than
 “ they make orphans among the ene-
 “ my. Wherefore, good Denis, to
 “ put an end to all farther debate
 “ upon this matter, if a maidenhead
 “ be necessary for the accomplishment
 “ of your grand design, you must go
 “ look for one somewhere else ; for,
 “ by the Lord, you will find none
 “ here.”

The good faint blushed at the bru-
 tality of Richemond's discourse ; and
 expecting no assistance in his pious
 scheme from such libertines, he re-
 mounted his sun-beam, and without
 saying a word to them at parting, off
 galloped he through the air, in quest
 of

of the rare jewel he was so desirous to find.

For my christian part, I wish him a prosperous voyage; and, while he drives forward on his sun-beam, pray that all my male readers may be so lucky as to find in love, what the saint is gone in pious pilgrimage after.




The



The SECOND BOOK.

Joan, armed by St. Denis, goes to King Charles at Tours. Her adventure on the road thither.


HAPPY, thrice happy he,
 who finds a maidenhead; de-
 sireable Treasure! yet, in our
 sense, much more happy is
 he who knows the secret of touch-
 ing a fair maid's heart. There is no
 happiness like being beloved. What
 mighty advantage, after all, is there
 to obtain a flower by force? Is it not
 much more agreeable to enjoy love's
 nosegay without difficulty? which I
 wish may be my luck, and that of all
 my friends. But let us talk of some-
 thing more essential.

C

Near

Near the borders of Champagne, where an hundred posts are marked to inform travellers that they are in Lorraine, is an old village, hitherto unknown, but in after-times justly famed in story; for to it France owes the revival of its glory, and salvation of her royal lillies.

Donremi was the name of this village, which we ought to transmit to posterity in all our poems, that it may be gratefully celebrated from age to age. Although thy environs be not magnificent, humble Donremi, and though thou canst not boast either muscat-grapes, peaches, or citron groves; neither hast thou rich mines of gold, nor wines that make men damn their souls through drunkenness.

But all these are trifling advantages to what thou canst boast, which is to have given Joan to France. For in Donremi she was born; there begotten by the parish priest, who was indefatigably zealous in propagating the number of true believers.

He

He was vigorous in bed, a champion at table, and would troll out his prayers with as much fervour as any professed bigot. He had formerly been a monk. Her mother, a fat and lusty chamber-wench, was the happy mould in which this pious shepherd chose to cast the beautiful maid by whom the English were to be defeated.

She was hired to serve in an inn at Vaucouleurs at the tender age of sixteen. Already fame had made her name ring in the neighbouring country. Her look was haughty, and determined; but modest. Two large black eyes seemed to start from her head. Two and thirty teeth, not one whiter than the other, were the ornament of her ruby-lipped mouth, stretching almost from ear to ear; and therefore wonderfully tempting. Her tanned bubbies, hard as stone, provoked lawyers, officers, and even the clergy, to play with them.

She was remarkable for her strength, activity, and nimbleness. Her large, fat, finewy hands carried bundles on all occasions, and poured out numberless pitchers of wine to the guests. She waits on all comers, be they noblemen, gentlemen, or humble citizens. To all who were indiscreet enough to attempt to feel her thighs, or naked bubbies, her alarmed chastity dealt vigorous boxes on the ear, right and left. She worked and laughed from morning until night; dressed and curried the horses, led them to drink, and sometimes pressed their backs with her delicate bum, in the old Roman fashion; that is, rid them without a saddle.

O! divine Providence, how incomprehensible are thy ways! How vain are all the efforts of human reason to penetrate into thy inscrutable decrees! How little are the great of this world in thy eyes! And, when thou pleasest, how great thou canst make the little!

It is to be observed, O christian reader, that, in order to execute his mission,

mission, the holy Denis did not go to search for a maidenhead in the castles of dutchesses; or palaces of princeesses. He knew better things, and therefore sought for one in an humble inn !.

He had no time to lose, and necessarily rode post to Joan. For by the least delay of his, the public safety would have been in the greatest peril, by the malicious contrivance of Satan; which Denis knew very well, and therefore arrived in the very nick of time to prevent the execution of a hellish plot, and the ruin of France in consequence.

One Roch Grisbourdon, a Cordelier friar, just arrived from England with Chandos, was lodged in the said inn, and had conceived as violent a love for Joan, as he had professed for his country.

This silly coxcomb was a missionary in every shape, as preacher, confessor, spy, &c. He was moreover an adept in the magic art, which has been unhappily lost by the degenerate race of our modern learned.

This English fellow, by consulting his mystic books, had discovered that Joan should prove one day fatal to his countrymen, and that she carried under her short petticoats the destiny of France and England. Therefore, yielding to the impulse of his genius, he swore by the cord of his order, that he would enter himself master of her fair palladium. "I am resolved—I will—— this Joan. I am an Englishman, and consequently ought to neglect nothing for the good of my country, and my own satisfaction."

In the very moment the English friar had made this impious vow, an ignorant country clown pretended to rival him in the fair maid's opinion; and although an illiterate mule-driver, had the impudence to think himself as good a man as a Cordelier.

This clumsy wooer was indefatigable in making constant offers of his obstinate and stiff-necked passion to Joan, by night and by day. — The equality of their conditions influenced her

her to listen favourably to his coarse addresses. But her modesty triumphing, hindered her from expressing to the mule-driver what she felt in his behalf.

Roch Grisbourdon soon discovered his growing passion; for he could see farther into her lover's heart than she could. He therefore accosted him thus: "Hark you, mighty hero, who can upon occasion dress all the mules committed to your care, I know that thou likest this wench, and so do I. She is the mistress of my heart, and of your wishes. Wherefore, as we must mutually prove formidable rivals to each other, let us settle this affair in an amicable manner. Let us be prudent, and, without quarrelling or noise, alternately feast upon the delicious morsel; which, by contending for, we may both lose. Do you conduct me to the place where the object of our fondness lies, and at my invocation the demon of sleep shall exert his influence over her maiden

C 4

couch;

couch ; which done, we can watch, and alternately do duty for her."

No sooner proposed than resolved, and the pious friar pulls out his conjuring book, to invoke the demon, who by Pagans, in days of yore, was called Morpheus. This lethargic devil is said to have since taken up his residence in France, and there frequently appears in their courts of justice, their academies, and theatres.

Obedient to Grisbourdon's well-known voice, he ascends in an ebony car, drawn by owls, and advances slowly along in the midst of attendant darkness, not able to open his eyes, and yawning all the way, till he extends himself on the chaste body of the nymph, dewes her all over with poppy-juice, and breathes into her bosom a soporific vapour.

Thus fame reports the gallant monk Girard, as he confessed the lovely Cadiere, used with his libidinous breath to fill her with a swarm of lecherous demons.

The

The two admirers of the sleeping beauty, unable to resist their carnal spurs, had already drawn off her bed-cloaths, to have a thorough view. — On her naked bosom the impatient rivals threw dice, to fix whose lot should be the first attempt.

Sorcerers being always lucky at gaming, the friar won, and immediately, nay, without saying grace, sets about deflouring the virgin. — But O! unexpected miracle! Denis arrives, and the innocent maid awakes.

It being so ordered by providence, that no sinner can stand before a saint, the two compeers of iniquity were so scared by the presence of Denis, that they ran away from him with their evil intentions against the poor girl.

Thus when by night a formal justice, for the publick good, and his own private emolument, visits unexpectedly one of those commodious houses dedicated to Venus and to pleasure; the alarmed priestesses jump half naked from their beds, and escape several

ways the dreaded bird of prey. Not less confounded fled the maid's intentional debauchers from the holy presence of Denis.

The benign saint draws near to the as yet unpolluted bed, and thus comforts the poor chicken, not yet recovered from her fright of the naughtiness that was meant to be committed on her.

“ Vessel of election, it is decreed above, that your virgin hands are to revenge all the insults and oppression which the French have suffered from the English, whose blood-thirsty troops you are to drive back to their native lands. Be not amazed, girl, at what I say to you ; for the breath of the Omnipotent can transform the humble reed into one of Lebanon's tall cedars ; dry up the waters of the sea ; lay the mountains low ; and from the ruins of the present world create a new.

His thunder shall rumble before you as you march. You shall wear a cloak

of terror. The angel of victory shall point out to you the paths of glory.— Hold up your head, girl, follow me, and renounce for ever this low state of life you have been in. Henceforward your name shall figure on the list of heroes and heroines.”

This flattering discourse, uttered by the saint with so much energy, not a little puzzled Joan, who gazed on him with her mouth open, as if he had been speaking Greek to her all the time. But in order to clear up her intellects, somewhat clouded for want of a good education, a sudden ray of Grace gave her an efficacious conception of the whole.

She felt her thoughts dilated, and bosom glowing with a supernatural inspiration, which fitted her for the most sublime and arduous undertakings. She is no longer an humble chambermaid at an inn. She thinks of nothing now but military exploits, and is a very Cæsar in petticoats.

Thus

Thus an humble, low-lived, underbred cit, when suddenly appointed, by will, a rich merchant's heir, changes his mean tenements for stately buildings, and his late creeping air for a haughty countenance. The great folks with surprize admire his assumed air of consequence; and the little ones look up at, and treat him as a nobleman.

In order to expedite the great enterprize, Denis, with his female ward, went directly to the church. How amazed was she to see on the great altar a fine armour, just fallen from heaven. For at that very moment the warrior angel, St. Michael, drew out for her this noble suit of armour from the celestial arsenal. There was the head-piece of Debora; the pointed nail that proved so fatal to Sisara; the round stone with which the true believing shepherd penetrated to Goliath's brain; the jaw-bone with which Sampson fought, who broke his fetters, the minute he discovered himself

himself to be sold by his mistress. There was the cutlass of the beautiful Judith, holily perfidious, who, for the honour of heaven, professed gallantry and homicide, by killing Holophernes in her bed,

Joan, amazed at all the wonders she beheld, soon equipped herself in this heavenly suit of armour; views and tells over every different piece of it, and longs for the fight.

A horse being necessary to a heroine, she asked one of the disconsolate mule-driver. But lo! an ass presented himself, whose hair was of a shining grey colour, and voice louder than that of any of his long-eared brethren. He was ready shod, curried, saddled, bridled, and properly accoutred in every sense.

He pranced about like a Thracian or English courser; and had growing from his back two wings, which he occasionally made use of in the same manner as Pegasus does when on Pindus or Parnassus, he carries the nine heavenly

venly virgins a jaunting. And thus the Hippogriff, flying to the moon, carried Astolphus to the country of St. John.

If, reader, you should be desirous to know the history of this afs, who came so opportunely to offer his service to the Gallic heroine, that you shall learn hereafter at a proper season. But our advice to you for the present is to tremble before, and to revere this wonderful quadruped, all caparioned in mystery.

Joan being mounted on her grey palfrey, Denis led the way, riding a cock-horse on his ray of light. They drove to the banks of the river Loire, in order to give the king some hopes of victory. The afs varied his pace from a jolting trot, to a full gallop through the air.

The luxuriously inclined Cordelier, being somewhat recovered from his late disaster, bethought him of putting his magic art in immediate practice, which he did, by changing the
poor

poor mule-driver into a mule. He mounts upon him, rides, and spurs him unmercifully forward ; swearing that he would not be left behind : and was determined to follow his dearly beloved to the end of the world.

The late poor devil of a mule-driver was concealed in the form of a mule, jogs along, and thinks he has lost nothing by the metamorphosis ; for so accustomed was he to live with mules, that his low groveling soul scarce perceives its having changed situation. The heroine and saint bore away for Tours, in order to seek the king plunged in debauchery.

As they passed near Orleans, they traversed the English camp. The bold Britons having (according to their nation's custom) drank largely, were now passing off the fumes of their wine in a sound sleep. The whole camp was drunk, even to the common centinels, and tent servants. Not the

the least noise of a drum or trumpet was heard.

Here an officer slept naked in his tent. There another lay snoring near a page stretched along-side of him.— Denis, having surveyed the posture of the enemy, thus bespoke his female pupil :

“ Child of grace, learn from me that Nisus, being well seconded one evening by Eurialus, in the tents of Turnus, prince of Rutulia ; by their joint exploits, they rendered that a fatal night to that prince and his people. A like adventure befell king Rhesus, when the valiant Diomedes, assisted by the cunning of Ulysses, and the darkness of the night, surprized his quarters. Without being exposed to any peril, they plunged many Trojans in a sleep from which they have never waked. It is now in your power, girl, to enjoy such a victory, and to the full as glorious.”

She modestly replied, “ Good Sir, I have not read history ; but I should think

think myself an arrant poltroon to slaughter people in their sleep, who cannot fight and defend themselves." She had scarce uttered these words, when she perceived a tent, which by the rays of the moon, then very bright, she discovered must be the property either of a commanding officer, or of a young marquis. An hundred flasks filled with excellent wine were piled near at hand.

Joan, who from the nature of her education, had not been accustomed to much ceremony when pinched by hunger, immediately seized on the large fragments of a pye, and drank fix bumpers with holy Denis to their king's health.

This tent of good fare belonged to John Chandos, a famous warrior, who was then asleep on his back. Pursuant to the saint's advice, Joan stole away his sword, and cut-velvet breeches. Thus, in ancient times, David, the man after God's own heart, discovering Saul in a certain place, and having
it

it in his power to take away his life, cut off but a part of his shirt, to shew thereby to all the potentates, what he might have done, and what he did not do.

Near Chandos lay, on his face, a young page, fourteen years old, and very handsome. He displayed two globes so neatly rounded, that they might be mistaken for those of love. Not far from him was fixed a standish, with which, after drinking, the page used to divert himself, in writing down the amorous verses he composed, in order to win to his desire the fair one who had touched his heart.

By a kind of prophetic impulse, Joan takes the ink, and with her hand makes three fleur de lices on the youth's posteriors, which was a happy omen for the French succeeding. It gave charitable Denis inexpressible raptures to see the French arms emblazoned on a British bum.

Who looked foolish the next morning? Chandos did. Having slept him-
self

self sober. For, as he awoke, he perceived the ignominious mark on his page's backside. Filled with ire, he caused an alert in his tent, roaring, that he was betrayed. He jumped out of bed to get his sword ; for which he seeks in vain : it was carried off along with his breeches. His passion encreasing, he stormed, and swore, he believed the devil was in the camp.

In the mean time, the ray of light and the winged aſs kept a going, and at ſuch a rate, that they would ſoon go round the world, if put to it. The ſaint and virgin having reached the king's court, the former knowing very well how much raillery was practiſed there, and not forgetful of Richmond's insolent expreſſions to him at Orleans, reſolves not to expoſe again his episcopal decoration to ſuch rude treatment, and therefore aſſumes the appearance of bold Roger, the lord of Baudricour, a valiant knight, and a ſaſt roman catholic. He was an undaunted ſpeaker, but loyal in the truths

truths he used to utter. Notwithstanding such uncourtly talents, he was esteemed by his monarch. Thus spoke his holy semblance :

“ How now, my prince? In the name of God, is it not a shame to languish thus in the obscure part of a province, a slave to love, instead of asserting your rights as king! Your sword and arm ingloriously repose. Your royal forehead is pressed by no crown, but idle wreaths of myrtle and of roses. Why tamely suffer the enemy to fill your throne, and give laws in France? Awake, my prince; break these lethargic chains; march forth in quest of victory or death. It is better to die than live in infamy. If you but dare, you will certainly succeed to expel those bold invaders of your rightful inheritance.

By the present heavenly illumination of my mind, I clearly see your efforts will be favoured from above. Arise, O Charles! and follow this illustrious amazon I have brought

brought to you. She is destined to be the support of your cause, and prop of your throne. It is by the vigour of her arm that the king of kings means to re-establish our altars and laws, so long trampled upon by an insolent foe.

This nymph, seconded by you, will drive away the usurping family of England, with all their followers. Shew yourself then a man; and if it be decreed that you are always to be led by a woman, at least abandon the wench that has enervated you in her lewd embraces; and by following her who is to avenge your wrongs, prove yourself worthy of such extraordinary succour."

The king, though naturally of an amorous disposition, was possessed of a great fund of honour; consonant to which, the old warrior's pathetic discourse totally dissipated the lethargic sleep he had been so long plunged in. Thus, towards the dissolution of the world, when the angel with his trumpet's

pet's terrifying sound shall shake the universe, the tombs will open; and at the great summons the dead will re-appear in life.

Such was royal Charles's resurrection from the shameful death of his honour. But now, impelled by heroic ardour, he makes no reply. He thinks, he talks of nothing but of arms, and wishes for the field of battle. His first fit of heroism over, he was desirous to know whether Joan had been sent to him from heaven or from hell; and whether he should look upon so wonderful a phenomenon as a christian miracle, or an illusion of the devil.

His majesty then turning towards the fearless heroine, asked, in a commanding tone of voice (enough to dash and confound any nymph but herself) "Art thou a maid?" To which question she answered undismayed, "O! mighty prince, order physicians with spectacles on their noses, matrons, clergymen, pedants, apothecaries,

thecaries, &c. to examine our sex's mysterious ring of virginity; and let whoever among them is the best judge of such matters, tuck up my cloaths, and look here."

So off-hand and sincere a reply convinced the king that she could be nothing less than inspired; who, for a farther proof, said to her, "Tell me, without hesitating, child of grace, since you are so knowing, what I did to my bed-fellow last night. Don't mince the matter." She answered, "Nothing."

At which just reply, his majesty was so astonished, that he dropped on his knees, making the sign of the cross, and cried aloud, "A miracle! A miracle!"

The Esculapian tribe, in fur-gowns, with doctoral caps on their heads, each having an Hippocrates in his hand, came according to orders to examine the chaste and noble fabrick of this female warrior. They strip her naked, which

which does not in the least affect her ;
for virtue is immoveable.

The dean of the faculty, it being his right to examine, perused her from top to toe ; above, below, and round about : not a cranny having escaped his minute enquiry, he gave an ample certificate of her virginity on parchment, signed with the arms of the faculty.

Joan, justly elated with this virgin diploma given her by the faculty, returned to the king, before whom she knelt, and displayed to him the noble spoils she had taken from the English as she passed thro' their camp. Then made this loyal speech :

“ Permit, dread sovereign, that the grievances of France be revenged by thy handmaid, and thy laws restored. The sacred oracle shall be fulfilled through me. I dare swear, by my courage, this sword, and my maidenhead, that you shall be, ere long, consecrated king at Rheims. Far from hence your arms shall drive the oppressive English, who now besiege Orleans.

Orleans. Come, great Sir, fulfil your glorious destiny. Abandon Tours, and its environs, so fatal to your glory. But permit humble me to accompany your royal steps."

The courtiers crowded around, turning their eyes from her to heaven, from heaven to her; and struck with admiration, they, with shouts of joy, and clapping of hands, approved what she said, and seconded her motion. There was not a warrior present but would be proud of the honour to serve as her squire; to carry her lance; or even to die for her. And not one among them but would be nobly emulous to ravish from her what she had so long preserved.

General preparations being made to take the field against the enemy, every one strives who shall be first. One takes leave of his old mistress. The spendthrift, having lavished all his money, goes and borrows some from a miser at high interest. A third settles with the landlord of the inn where
D
he

he had lodged, in order to pay him at his return from the war.

Denis, the patron of France, gave directions for displaying the Oriflamme, at sight of which the monarch Charles's bosom was so enflamed, that he began to entertain hopes equal to his dignity and valour. The great standard of France, so fatal to her enemies, the intrepid amazon, and the winged aqs, give sanguine hopes of a successful campaign.

Denis (who knew by experience how weak the resolves of men are, when a fine woman is in the way) contrived matters so, that the two lovers should have no farewell interview. It would be the cause of too many tears, and of the loss of a then too precious time. The lovely Sorel was fast asleep, ignorant of all that had passed, and not suspecting any evil towards her.

The night being pretty far advanced, an agreeable dream soothed her with visionary pleasures. She imagined

gined that she clasped in her eager
 arms the beloved hero, over whose
 heart she reigned. Illusive dream !
 why thus deceive the beautiful Sorel !
 Her lover alas is gone ! St. Denis drags
 him away, acting in this, like a skilful
 physician ; who, for gluttonous patients,
 prescribes a regimen of abstinence ;
 and, inexorable to all the clamorous
 cravings of their appetites, drives them
 unmercifully from the table.





The THIRD BOOK.

A description of the palace of Folly. Sorel dresses herself in armour to follow her lover. She is made a prisoner by the English. Her modesty is exposed to some rude assaults.

It is not enough to have a
 I daring soul, a firm eye, in
 the midst of danger; to be
 calm when slaughter rages;
 and to direct armies where to discharge
 their fury. Because men possessed of
 such rare talents have appeared in
 many climates from time to time.

Who can take upon him to determine, whether, in the tremendous art of war, the impetuous French be more learned than the intrepid English

lish are ; or whether the Germans have a more military genius than the Spaniards. For most nations, at different times, have been conquerors, and conquered.

The grand Condé was beaten by Turenne. Prince Eugene conquered proud Villars. The generous supporter of Stanislaus's unfortunate cause, the soldier-king, nay, the royal Quixot of Sweden, whose valour appeared to be more than human, met in the remotest part of the Ukraine a fatal check. In the battle of Pultava all his laurels faded, though fighting an antagonist he had so long despised.

No better secret can be thought on for the insuring of success, than to make your own vulgar believe, that you militate under the special protection of heaven ; and to have the same belief industriously spread among your enemies. Thus the Romans, the conquerors of all the nations they had attacked, bore down those of Europe by the weight of miracles.

On all emergencies, they made heaven speak through the oracles in their behalf. According to their reports, Jupiter, Mars, Pollux, and all the Gods, traced out the road their eagles should follow, and fought for them, unobserved by the foe.

Thus Bacchus, terrible in arms, who ravaged Asia; thus the monster-slaying Hercules, and thus haughty Alexander, to fix their empire, over the nations they had subdued, on a sure foundation, had it carefully reported amongst them, that they were descended from mighty Jove: and that it was through his special protection they triumphed. In consequence, the princes of the earth were seen kneeling before them, to deprecate their father's thunderbolts.

In order to follow such great examples, crafty Denis resolved to make use of the Marvellous, as the above-mentioned heroes had done before him. The main of his political scheme was, that Joan should pass for a maid
even

even among the English ; and that Bedford, Talbot, Chandos, Tirconnel, (Men in other things not easily imposed on) should not only believe it, but also be convinced that heaven made use of her hand to exterminate all the profane.

The saint, to complete his bold design, takes with him an old Benedictin monk, not one of those whose profound learning have lately enriched the libraries of France. No, the one he chose was a prior, sleek in pampered ignorance, who had never read any other than his mass-book. Lourdis was the name of the companion Denis had chosen for his new and extraordinary voyage.

Near the moon, where (as old history relates) was placed the paradise of fools, just on the confines of that immense abyfs, where Chaos, Erebus, and night (before the existence of our terraqueous globe) reigned blind sovereigns ; there is a prodigious hollow place, inaccessible to the rays of the

fun, and is enlightened only by fits, with a kind of pale, cold, trembling, uncertain and deceitful glare. Its only star is an *ignis fatuus*. The air is peopled by a race of little hobgoblins.

Folly is the monarch of this country; which aged baby, having a grey beard, long ears, a sharp pointed head, a gaping mouth, eyes a-skew, and crooked feet, is said to be the child of Ignorance, because the favourite progeny of the latter, always environ the throne of the former; to wit, ridiculous pride, positiveness, sloth, and credulity.

This sovereign, like all others, delights to be, and is, greatly flattered, though, in the main, nothing more than an impotent phantom, such as was the indolent Chilperic, king of France. Fraud is the prime minister of this greedy court; by his sinister advice every thing is regulated. The stupidity of others he makes his principal instrument to operate with. This whimsical palace is filled with people
pro-

properly suited to the place, such as the profoundly learned in astrology, who think themselves quite sure of their art, though they are daily deceived by it. Being dupes first, they become sharpers afterwards; yet, notwithstanding their many impositions, they find folks weak enough to believe in them.

The next class are the adepts in alchymy, who declare themselves masters of the secret to make gold, although they often want halfpence to buy the common necessities of life. After them follow the Rosicrucians, and the rear is closed by the ridiculous tribes that murder common sense and time, in idle disputes of theology.

The stupid Lourdis was preferred to all his brethren by the saint, to accompany him to this place, as soon as night should draw her sable curtains over the world. The friar was conveyed thither in an ascending vortex of sluggish vapours. When arrived there, his monachal ignorance was sur-

prized at nothing ; all articles seemed as familiar to him as if he were at home in his convent.

He first feasted his eyes upon an emblematical suite of the original pictures of this antique place. The Cacodemon who had ornamented its grand temple, delighted to scrawl on the walls all the follies men are guilty of, and ranged them in several classes.

In the midst of this confusion of gothic wonders, of pourtraied cheats, and dupes, appeared a figure conspicuous above all others : it was that of a haughty Scotchman, called Law, who was in a manner king of France.

He wore on his head a diadem made of very fine paper, and on his forehead was wrote, in legible characters, *System*. He was proudly seated in the midst of bladders full of wind, which he generously distributed to all who applied ; for which (from an avaricious disposition) priests, whores, warriors,

fiers, lawyers, &c. gave their solid cash.

But other objects attract the attention of Lourdis. — Ah—ha! are you there, says he, mild Escobar? and you, sufficient Molina? And you also, little Doucin, whose knavish hand gave a holy bull to be kissed, which was so clumsily made out by Le Tellier, that they mocked at it in Rome? Yet, notwithstanding it has been the illustrious source from which all our parties and divisions in France have derived. It has also been the cause of many voluminous folios, fraught (as is reported) with heretical poison; but of numbing and soporific, not active qualities.

The disputants, mounted on chimeras, like so many Bellerophons, drive at each other pell-mell in this dark region. Long ear-grating whistles are their only trumpets to sound to battle. To indulge their learned and pious phrenzy, they strike at each other with blown bladders.

adT

Good!

Good heaven ! what writings, what disquisitions, what mandates, what explanations, to be re-explained, lest any thing should be understood ! Arise from thy tomb, great bard ! who hast sung the heroes of Scamander, and who didst not think it beneath thy muse to celebrate the war between frogs and mice. Come, undertake to paint in harmonious verse, the wars this bull is to cause upon earth.

The Jansenists, who lean to predestination, and deem every effort vain, without the *efficacious grace*, carry St. Austin painted in their colours; their enemies, superior in number, advance to meet them. O ! stop, my children, cries the genius of France; put an end to these civil discords.

But alas ! instead of expiring, the war is revived, by a new miracle; the scene whereof is a large tomb, unornamented by art, close to the church of St. Medard. There the divine spirit is reported to have concentrated his power for the salvation of France.

The

The blind man runs thither to recover his sight, and returns home groping as he went thither. Tho' he swears he sees all the way, yet in the heat of his zeal runs against a post.

The lame man hobbles along to the tomb, on which he sits for a while, being promised a certain cure; then up he springs, shouting Hosanna! but attempting to use his lame leg, falls plum in the dirt.

The deaf person next figures in; pretends to listen with great earnestness, but hears not a word you say to him.

The task of others is to piously attend from morning until night, be witness to, and vouch the authenticity of the miracle performed at the tomb of Paris, which they devoutly kiss.

Lourdis gazes in rapture on these proceedings, with two large unmeaning eyes; and joining his hands, returns thanks to heaven, expressing his pious joy thereat with an idiot laugh.

For

For he admires every thing he sees, without comprehending the sense of any.

Now another curious groupe appears; the inquisition, composed partly of prelates, and partly of monks. These reverend doctors, in their judgment-seats, are dressed in the screech-owls feathers, and their heads are adorned with asses ears.

They have a pair of scales, with which they weigh truth against falsehood. In the one is contained all the gold they extort from the credulous, and in the other are all the bulls, beads, indulgencies, scapularies, or-muses, Agnus Dei, &c. which they give in exchange.

Behold poor Galileo, placed at the blessed feet of this learned assembly, and there obliged to make an act of contrition, in order to obtain their pardon for his having followed the dictates of reason, which, in their great wisdom, they thought proper to condemn.

But

But what fire is that which suddenly blazes within the walls of Loudun? The parish priest sets fire to the pile, in order to roast poor Urbanus Grandier, declared a wizard by the coxcomb inquisitors. Alas! my honoured friend and patroness Galigai, how fatal has France been to the learned! Even you now mount in splendid flames, for having made a compact with the devil.

Among the archives of the temple was found the authenticated decree by which Aristotle's philosophy was approved, and the use of emetics forbid, under pain of damnation, for non-obedience in either sense.

Step forward, gallant father;—why timorously skulk behind? It is you, Girard, I mean. Your affair, indeed, is worthy of a separate article. You understand well the knack how to confess a young girl, and preach to her at the grate.—To riot in the delicate embraces of a young penitent nymph, is no contemptible adventure.

In opposition to what your enemies can say, assert that there is nothing unnatural in your trespass. Your fault is that of humanity. Let this then be thy comfort, Girard, that among thy numerous accusers, Dominicans, Carmelites, book-mongers, judges, &c. not one of them will ever be condemned for a forcerer.

Lourdis made one of the nonsensical groupe in the picture, but did not know himself. This is not at all surprising in a fool, because the most intelligent people seldom know their own likeness.

Whilst a mysterious plot is forming against England in the Moon, let us turn our eyes downwards, and see how matters are carried on amongst the great fools in the sublunary world.

Charles was already set out for Orleans, his colours flying. Close by him marched faithful Joan, a helmet on her head, and promised him the reduction of Rheims. What a number of loyal knights attend their prince, who,

who, each bearing a lance in his hand, form a respectful circle round the admired amazon. Thus at Fontevrault, the masculine sex serves the feminine. A woman holds the sceptre, and father Anselm receives a benediction from the hands of my Lady.

The beautiful Agnes, as she awoke, not finding her lover in bed, was struck with the greatest anguish. A deadly pale spreads over her face. She faints away. The faithful Bonneau employs all means to recall her to Life. As she opened her bright eyes, so used to triumph over the now estranged heart of Charles, tears stream from the chrystal springs. Then gently reclining herself in the arms of Bonneau, she thus expresses her sorrow:

“ I am betrayed. My ruin is resolved. O ! whither is my hero gone ? What dangerous enterprize does he now meditate ? This is not acting conformable to the vows he made to me, when I condescended to indulge his passion !—Ah me ! I must now lie
the

the live-long night alone in a widowed bed. It was the fury Envy brought hither infernal Joan, who is not so sincere an enemy to the English, as she is to hapless me! She will try all arts to turn the king's mind against me."

"I detest, from my soul, such bold creatures; so masculine; mere soldiers in petticoats! who, without possessing the least pleasing quality of our sex, affect all the robust behaviour of the other; and pretending to do honour to both, are positively of neither."

Stung by the reflection, she burst into a flood of tears. Her face reddens with rage, and deep-fetched groans speak the agony she feels. The fire of jealousy glares fiercely in her eyes. Love, that delights in schemes, suggests a new stratagem to the afflicted maid. In consequence, she sets out for Orleans, accompanied by mother Alice, and good-man Bonneau.

It so happened, that they put up at the very inn, where Joan, fatigued
with

with riding, was gone to bed. Agnes, grown cunning through a desire of revenging her neglected charms, waited till all the house should be fast asleep; and having slyly learned in what room her rival was lodged with all her military accoutrements; she stole thither on tip-toe: where having found the breeches of John Chandos, she drew them on her delicate thighs, and makes all fast, as if she had been used to it. She seizes next on the amazon's cuirass, of well tempered steel, with which she encumbers and bruises her tender limbs. But the faithful Bonneau holds her up under this new pressure.

Thus Agnes expressed her joy in a low voice: "O Love! to whose power I have ever been devoted, inspire me with strength sufficient to carry this weight. Give martial vigour to my arm, that I may effectually touch the author of my grief; and since my lover desires to have a warlike maid for his mistress, in order

to

to win him back to the embraces he has forsaken, you have converted me into a soldier. I will follow him thro' every danger, let him but allow me the honour of fighting for him. And I pray, that whenever a tempest of English darts shall menace his head, they may from him be turned to, and fall on my unhappy charms. So he survive happy, let it be my joy to expire in his arms, the object of his unaltered passion."

While she had made this soliloquy, and Bonneau had fitted the suit of armour on her, Charles was three miles off. But the fond Agnes resolved, that very moment, tho' then very dark, to go in quest of him she loved. Bending under her military attire, scarce able to move, and cursing her accoutrement, she rode off on horseback. Her thighs soon became black and blue, and her smooth buttock lost leather. Bonneau, mounted on a pitiful hack, gets clumsily along, snoring by the lady. But the tender god of love,

love, greatly interested in the lady's fate, beholds her departure, and sighs lest any disaster should befall her in the way.

The fond maid had not gone far, when from a neighbouring wood she heard the noise of horses, and the clank of arms. The noise redoubles, a corps of gen d'armes cloathed in red, appeared ; and what was still worse, they belonged to John Chandos.

One of them advancing towards the two travellers, cried, Who goes there ? Agnes, thinking that the question had been put by some of Charles's partisans, answered ingenuously, " France and love ; I am Agnes Sorel." Which imprudent declaration she had no sooner uttered, than she, and her heavy companion Bonneau, were made prisoners, and carried without delay before terrible Chandos, who had vowed severe vengeance against his perfidious enemies, for the disgrace done to him by stealing his breeches and his sword.

It

It was at the prime of morn, when (Morpheus departing from his nightly charge) all eyes open to receive the new day; when the feathered tribe begin their early concerts; when every being feels a chearful glow within, arising from recruited strength, and a genial tendency to pleasure. It was, I say, at so critical a time, that Agnes, more beautiful than the sun rising in the east, was presented to Chandos.—Answer me, happy Chandos! what were the emotions you felt to find your awaking graced with the presence of so amiable a nymph, and at the same time to descry your breeches which she had on.

Chandos felt an immediate insurrection, and pierced her through with his lascivious eyes. She declined her modest looks, guessing that his thoughts about her, were naughty. But the poor creature fell a trembling, as she heard him mutter between his teeth, “By G—d, I will have my breeches.” He bid her not to fear any thing,
made

made her sit down by his bed-side, and desired her to be disencumbered of her heavy armour.

That the business might be the sooner expedited, Chandos, full of vigour, and full of hope, takes off her helmet and her cuirass. She defended herself all the time with becoming decency, an amiable blush spreading over her face, as she thought on Charles, and yielded to the superior force of her conqueror.

Chandos ordered lubberly Bonneau to act as his chief cook, an employment he was very fit for, and soon distinguished himself in. — France is indebted to him for many a dish.

As Bonneau went about his kitchen-business, Agnes spoke with a gentle and timid Voice — “ O! Sir — pray now — good Mr. Chandos — What do you mean? What would you be at? — Why, G—ds blood, woman, (all English warriors swear) I mean to have my breeches again, which you have on you, and were stolen from
me

me lately. Damn me, but I will take my property wherever I find it."

This strong man had no sooner spoke, than he untrussed the poor girl, and stripped her stark naked. She wept, and struggled as well as she could in his arms, saying, "No—Sir, I never will consent."

As they were thus disputing, a sudden noise was heard from without.—To arms, to arms, was the general cry; and the shrill trumpet sounding a charge, spread the alarm all around.

About this time, Joan awaking from a long and sound sleep, looked for her military attire, which missing (without ceremony or loss of time) she seizes on the accoutrement of a young warrior who had been lodged near her, mounts upon her ass, and cries aloud, "Come, let us revenge the honour of our country." An hundred knights attend the heroine, followed by six hundred and twenty men.

As they moved forward in search of the enemy, Lourdis was critically de-

descended from the spacious palace of Folly into the English camp. He was all covered over with gross atoms ; his back surcharged with absurdities, the works of friars, and all the contemptible trumpery of the schools.

Being thus loaded, as soon as he came among the English, he shook his large cloak over them, and poured into their camp the manifold treasures of gross ignorance, for which indeed France had been long famous. Thus the sable deity of the night, from her car, inlaid with ebony, showers down upon mortals her powerful poppies and dreams, assigning our sleep to lies and fallacy.

E

The



The FOURTH BOOK.

*The Maid of Orleans and Dunois fight
the English, and perform wonders.*

WERE I a king, to do justice,
W and make my subjects enjoy
peace, should be my principal
desire. I should reckon
every day of my reign lost, in which
I had not done a generous act. Were
I contrroller of the finances, I would
compliment men of true genius with
some useful orders; for, after all, their
labour is not to be despised.

Were I archbishop of Paris, it
should be my chief study to reconcile
the ferocious Jansenist with the gentle
Molenist. Were I in love with a hand-
some young nymph, I would never
be

be absent from her ; and every day should furnish new scenes of pleasure. Variety should chase dull uniformity, that, through any satiety, her heart might not be weaned from me.

Nothing is so disagreeable to warm lovers as killing absence, thro' which many dangerous accidents befall ; for the lover who is separated any time from the object of his passion, runs the risk of of cuckoldom three or four times each day.

The doughty Chandos's glee in admiring his new prey, was soon disturbed by the general havock Joan was spreading among his countrymen, wounding some, and killing others. The formidable lance of Debora runs Dildo through, who had made such inroads in France, by rummaging the treasures of Clervaux, and violating the sisters of Fontevrault,

Her next blow lights upon the forehead, and destroys the optics of Mackars, who had long deserved a gibbet. This most impudent of men was born

in the northern part of Britain, and had practised love in France about three years, in the Romish and Florentine fashion.

Lord Halifax fell next under her blows, as did his cousin, the impertinent Borax; with the base Midarblon, who denied his father; and the scoundrel Marbonas, who had defiled his brother's bed.

Animated by Joan's example, there was not a knight, gen d'arm, or trusty squire in the French army, but slew the affrighted English by dozens. Death marks their way, and terror marches before them. From their success, and the carnage they had made, they imagined some destroying angel fought on their side.

In the midst of all these horrors, Lourdis roars as loud as he can, "Ah! wicked Britons! impious nation! it is a virgin defeats you: she has already performed several miracles. In vain are all your efforts to oppose her victorious arm. Therefore, down on
your

your knees, excrements of Albion, and ask her blessing."

An English officer, enraged at the friar's insolence, runs at and seizes him; who, while they were tying him, thus continued with great phlegm, "Learn, ye English dogs, that I am a martyr; which believe, or you will be damned. The French virgin will prove victorious."

Man is credulous, and every thing makes an impression on his weak heart; which, like potter's earth, is mouldable to any form. How easy is it to surprize, and intimidate even the brave? The zealous manner with which Lourdis expressed himself, had more effect on the courage of the English soldiery, than all the atchievements of the Amazon and her rival heroes.

That inherent instinct which prepares mortals to believe prodigies; error, distraction, vertigos, chilling fear, and ungovernable confusion, had shed their poisonous influence on the minds

of the English ; whose piercing cries, loud clamour, and wild uproars, were a task for eccho to repeat ; which, with the sound of trumpets, and beat of drums, caused such an outrageous hubbub as to deafen all hearers.

The bold Chandos, whose courage had never failed him, cries to his countrymen, " Come on, my brave English hearts, the conquerors of France, march to the right." Instead of obeying his command, they run away swearing to the left.

Thus formerly in the fertile plains, which the river Euphrates surrounds with its winding train, when the ridiculous pride of mortals proposed to raise an edifice to the sky ; the Deity, not desirous of such vile neighbours, changed their speech into an hundred different jargons ; so that when one asked for drink, another presented him with pestle and mortar. And this foolish people, the sport of the Divinity, were obliged to separate, and leave their work unfinished.

The

The news of the great battle fought and gained against the English, soon reached the ramparts of Orleans; Fame trumpetting to every one the virgin's name, by which the natural impetuosity of the French was roused, who, for the point of honour, go as cheerfully to a battle as to an assembly.

Already Dunois, the pride of bastardy, who would have been taken for Mars among the Greeks, and La Trimouille, and La Hire, and Saintrailles, and Richemond, had rushed out of the gates. Imagining that they actually drove the enemy before them, cry to each other, "Let us pursue them; where are they?"

They were not far off, as it happened: for near at hand the prudent Talbot had a chosen body in ambush, to oppose any sally of the French: who, when they had marched about an hundred paces, were furiously attacked by the said valiant leader. How-

ever, they received the shock undismayed, and in good order.

Field of Orleans, in which this obstinate and terrible battle was fought, the copious streams of blood with which you were that day drenched, proved sufficient to enrich your soil for the following century.

Neither the plains of Zama, or Pharsalia, nor the destructive action of Malplaquet, in which were seen mountains of the slain, exhibited more glorious efforts than were displayed on Mars's little theatre near Orleans.

Here nothing could be seen but broken lances, heaped up in piles: there combatants and their horses falling promiscuously, and struggling to get up again. An artificial lightning, caused by the brisk collision of the weapons, flashed over the frightful face of war. On every side, shoulders, noses, jaw-bones, feet, legs, and arms, were flying in the air, or falling to the ground.

From the highest heaven, the angels of war, to wit, the undaunted Michael,

Michael, and the great destroyer, who was also employed to scourge the Persians, had fixed their eyes upon earth, to view this horrible combat.

Michael immediately took the ample scales, in which mortals are poised, according to the invariable weights of heaven. The heroes of France and England being most exactly balanced, old Talbot's destiny prevailed, and that by a secret order of heaven.

Richemond, in consequence, was pierced by an English lance, from near the hip-bone through his buttock. Old Saintrailles was wounded above the knee. Modesty forbids to mention the place where the handsome La Hire was mutilated! How worthy an object of compassion is his pretty mistress, who was so fond of him, and fonder still of what he lost. When she beholds the dire amputation, she may justly exclaim,

"Cut from the root my ravish'd joys I see,
"And love's warm tide for ever stopt in thee."

POPE.

La Trimouille, almost sunk in a morass, could scarce extricate himself with a broken arm. They were all under a necessity of returning, thus mangled, to the city, and confining themselves to their beds, in order to be cured.

It is to be remarked, for the honour of religion, that these unhappy sufferers were the very men who had turned St. Denis into ridicule. For as father Quenel informs us (and all believe) God can recompence or punish whom he pleases. For that reason, the valiant bastard was no sharer of the punishment those libertines had undergone, who were carried home on litters in a very piteous plight, cursing Joan, and their hard fortune.

Dunois, who had not received the least scratch, attacks the English with the utmost impetuosity, and more than lightning-swiftness. He bears down their ranks, and cuts his way to where the warrior-maid fells all
 oppo-

opponents to the ground, or makes them flee before her.

When two mountain torrents, the terror of the neighbouring plains, tumble impetuous down, and mix their boisterous floods; then with united fury sweeping away the farmer's hopes, they spread desolation all around. Such, nay more dangerous, was the junction of Joan and Dunois, dealing havock together; before whose combined prowess the English could not stand, and therefore betook themselves to flight.

The stout maid, and her valorous assistant, pursued the enemy so long, that they were far distant from any of their own people. Being overtaken by night, and neither of them hearing the voice of French or English, they made a halt, and cried to each other, "Long live our king! Prosperity to France."

At the corner of a wood, a profound silence reigning all around, they sought for a road by the light of the
moon;

moon; and having made several little excursions, this way and that, could find none. Despairing to hit upon any, and, like their cattle, almost perishing with hunger, they ruminated with dissatisfaction, on their fatal adventure of having conquered, and not knowing where to repose themselves. Thus a vessel, having neither sails nor compass, yields this way and that to the various driving of the sea and wind.

While the two Gallic chieftains were in doleful dumps, a dog, as if sent purposely that way to save them, ran up kindly to the disconsolate, and seemed to bark by way of invitation, expressing a friendly disposition by all his actions. He runs before, as if to shew them the road; then turns back; and by his gentle yelping, seems to say, "Come follow me, gentle-folks, this way; lose no time, and take my word for it, you shall have a good night's lodging."

The

The invited readily understood what the inviting animal meant by his caressing gestures. They followed him in hopes of a safe asylum, praying God all the way for the good of France; which prayer they interrupted from time to time with some fine compliments on each other's valorous exploits.

In spite of his devotion, and the perilous situation he was in, Dunois could not help leering at Joan now and then with a lascivious eye. But on recollection that the safety of France was annexed to her maidenhead; and that the losing of the latter, before the end of the war, would prove the absolute ruin of the former; he, like a true patriot, made a noble sacrifice of his passion, to the interest of his country.

The



The FIFTH BOOK.

The tragi-comic adventure in the castle of Conculix. The history of Conculix.



Large and magnificent palace appeared before them at the break of day. The wall was of white marble. A balcony of pure jasper was supported by a long colonade of the doric order. The balustrade was of the most exquisite porcelain.

Our valiant pair, dazzled, nay, enchanted at the sight, imagined they were going to enter into Paradise. The dog barked, by way of signal to those within the castle. Immediately the air is filled with a symphony of trumpets. Forty of the domestic officers,
in

in golden doublets richly ornamented, offer their service. Two gentlemen-ushers, with the greatest courtesy, conducted by the hand their new guests into the castle, from whom they are received by attendant nymphs, who, decently civil, undress, and put them into the bath.

Where being relaxed from all the fatigues of the preceding day, and cleansed of the dust, &c. they were regaled with a breakfast worthy of the place, and then put into embroidered beds. There they slept till night like heroes.

While they enjoy the sweets of balmy repose, it is proper to inform our reader who was the owner of this castle, fit to entertain the greatest sovereign in the world. This extraordinary being was the son of one of those Genii, the eternal habitants of the vast empyrean space, whose supernatural greatness can sometimes condescend to undeify themselves, in order

der to take a snack of humble mortality.

One of those empyrean effences, having assumed the form of a handsome youth, enjoyed the carnal embraces of a young Benedictin nun; the produce of which pious conjunction was the lord of this palace, Conculix by name, a famous Necromancer, and the worthy son of sister Alice and her incubus lover.

As soon as Conculix was full fourteen years old, his indulgent fire, having descended from his sphere, thus bespoke him: "To me, child, thou owest thy existence, and that thou enjoyest the light of day. I pay thee this paternal visit, in order to grant to thee the completion of whatever wish thou shalt think may prove the most conducive to thy happiness: speak, and obtain it."

Conculix was of a most amorous disposition, and being in every article worthy of the source he sprung from, answered, "My inward feelings have long

long told me that I am something more than mortal. My bosom is the rendezvous of all lustful passions; to satisfy which, my earnest desire is, that I may be able to riot in all pleasure, to satiate my senses, and wallow in bliss. Wherefore, my supreme wish is, to enjoy the raptures of love alternately as man and woman. To be all night a passive she; but all the day an active male."

The incubus replied, "Thou hast thy wish." From that day forward, this lecherous compound has, in succession, enjoyed his two-fold privilege. Conculix, at making his extravagant wish, had entirely forgot to ask a necessary requisite to give pleasure a true zest. — Should any inquisitive person ask what is that requisite? It is the art of pleasing; without which, all enjoyment is insipid; and rather odious, than alluring.

Moreover, to counteract the mischief this inordinate genius might be guilty of; by providence's decree, he
was

was infernally ugly. The exhalations from his body rivalled those of a goat for an offensive stench. This nasty carcass was covered with such grey hairs as are seen on old monkeys.

Notwithstanding his deformity, this hideous figure was enamoured of itself, and thought that nature could not boast a more amiable object. To indulge this monster's filthy desires, young gentlemen, pages, and young maids were brought to him from all quarters. If any of them offered to refuse his horrid embraces, to stop their nose on account of his stinking effluvia, or to turn aside their head from so disgusting a sight, his tender order (always executed) for such offence, was, that he or she should be impaled alive.

Night come; and Conculix, being then in the female capacity, dispatched an imp with her ladyship's compliments to the lordly bastard Du-nois, praying him to come and partake of an elegant supper prepared
for

for them in an entre-sol. Joan, at the same time, was to sup in grand ceremony with some of her own sex.

The handsome Dunois, having adjusted and perfumed himself, in order to appear properly before a lady, waited on her at supper. Madam Conculix, in her attire, had heaped on ornaments without taste. Her head-dress was surcharged with diamonds. Her thick yellow neck, and large square arms, were ridiculously emblazoned with rubies and pearls. By their brilliancy, her ugliness was rendered the more conspicuous. As they rose from table, she squeezed Dunois by the hand. Her furious grasp was a rude intimation of her passion for him.

Dunois, though the most courteous of knights, trembled, for the first time, at the advances of a lady. He resolved, however, to repay the obliging civilities of his hostess with at least one act of politeness, however forbidding her deformities were; but from
that

that very reason, he thought the more honour would redound to him.—His intention was frustrated by his better part. — Such disagreeable accidents happen sometimes to the most vigorous heroes in the service of Venus.

Madam Conculix, quite outrageous at the disappointment, and deeming Dunois impotent, drove his inefficacy out of the bed, crying to her people, “Seize and impale this rascal quickly.” Dunois saw them prepare, without delay, the apparatus for his rigorous punishment! Dunois, by several military exploits, was one of those who had done the most honour to France. But what avails it now! He is doomed to perish prematurely in the bloom of youth. The executioner having stripped him naked, conducted him to a square, where they seated him on the sharp end of a pointed stick.

Now fair Aurora, with her rosy fingers, had opened the eastern portals of day, at which time Madam was changed into Mr. Conculix; who, now
become

become the gallant, ran to indulge his eager passion in the bed of unsuspecting virginity. Without any preliminary compliments, he thrusts into her bosom the hairy fingers of his coarse and clammy hand, and had already infected her with a foul kiss of his stinking lips. The more he labours to exert himself, the more shocking he appears.

Joan, animated by a true christian rage, at this insult offered to her modesty, lets fly from her not very tender hand, with fist clenched, a vigorous box in the ugly mazard of Conculix. The wretch falls, and tumbles from the bed on the ground. His eyes were made black and blue; his nose severely bruised. He bellows with rage to his fellows, who immediately seize Joan, in order to punish the cruel fair one with the same instrument the Turks employ.

They brutally pull off her smock, and scourge her naked charms with
lashes;

lashes ; then yield her to the impaler for immediate execution.

The gallant Dunois was resigned to his own fate, and their barbarity. Waiting the moment of execution, he offered up devout prayers to the Almighty. His looks were so commanding, that every time the executioners approached, they were awestruck by his heroic presence.

But alas ! when he beheld the Gallic heroine, who had revenged the dishonoured lillies of France, on the point of suffering a like sentence to his own, he broke out into bitter exclamations against the inconstancy of fortune, and the little reliance to be had in her favours.—

The comely Dunois run over, with a lover's eyes, all the charms of pini-
oned Joan ; they were soon filled with tears, on seeing the cruel preparations for her death : a weakness he was not guilty of on his own account.

Joan, on her side, proved not a whit less lofty-minded, or less charitably inclined,

clined, than the valiant youth, on whom she cast an eye of compassion, untouched for her own disaster. She groans for his misfortune.

Their nakedness, their beauty, their youth, infused so much tenderness into their mutual pity for each other, that by a new caprice of fortune, their reciprocal fondness revealed itself but at the very moment they were doomed to expire.

Which discovery being perceived by the amphibious monster, his rage was new whetted by jealousy. He gave to his slaves the tremendous signal for impaling, the to him disloyal, but to love and honour most loyal pair.

As the wicked instruments of Conculix's barbarity were going to execute his orders, a voice, loud as thunder, was heard, which shook the air, and made the earth tremble, saying, " Stop, stop your impious rage, nor dare to impale the innocent."

At

At so tremendous a warning, the scared lictors fell back ; and looking on every side, in order to discover from whence the voice was come, they perceived a lusty personage in a monk's habit, with a cord about his middle. This sudden visitant proved to be father Grisbourdon.

As a dog who has winded his game, pursues by the scent without seeing it, sweeps over the plains, leaps threatening mounds, glides through thickets, and being a staunch one, quits it not for any other that comes athwart him ; so the unworthy son of St. Francis, mounted on the mule-driver, follow'd Joan d'Arc without intermission, determined at long run to make her his.

On arriving, he cries aloud to Conculix, " I conjure thee, in the name of the devil, by the waters of Styx, by the dæmon who was thy worthy father, and by the psalter of sister Alice, thy mother, save the life of my beloved."

" If

“ If this youthful warrior, and this gentle maid, have failed in not answering your desires, I will be accountable for both. Behold me well: I am a Cordelier, and put me to the proof of my power.”

“ Observe this remarkable brute, my mule, who deserves so well the honour of carrying me: I make you a present of him. He seems indeed to have been designed for you. Having tried him, you will say, the mule was not unworthy of the monk who gave him; or, as the adage has it, like master like servant.

“ Let this profane Gend’arme, (meaning Dunois) be unmanacled, and sent about his business. But let the lovely maid be detained, on whose charms our smitten hearts have a joint demand.”

Those who love to speak ill of the sex, will say, perhaps, that there is no she, however modest, and however chaste, but would be glad to be released on such terms. It was not so

F

here;

here ; for Joan's virtuous soul would rather be tortured out of her body, than that her prostitution should be the price for her deliverance.

She wept abundantly ; implored heaven with the warmest devotion ; and her face, quite red with shame at the thought of being naked, she would now and then, by way of a modest deceit, shut her aching eyes ; and not seeing others, hope she was by them unseen.

Thus the good-natured Dunois expressed his despair, aside : “ How ! shall this uncloistered lecher possess dear Joan, and, by enjoying her, ruin my country ? This wicked Sorcerer will have his end ; and foolish I have, to this day, thro' a modest discretion, concealed my passion.”

The Cordelier's speech, so emphatically uttered by him, had a powerful effect on the mind of Conculix, who agreed to the bargain, saying, “ Let you and your mule be in readiness for me to-night.—In the mean time, I
pardon

pardon these wretches, and yield them up to you."

Grisbourdon, with an air of triumph and authority, struck his pack-saddled mule three times; then made a circle, and took up some dust which he threw on the beast behind; pronouncing the powerful words which Zoroaster taught the Persians.

These mighty words were no sooner uttered, with an infernal energy, than, O amazing! O wonderful to tell! the transformed mule stands erect upon two feet; the head is changed to a long, from the oblong form it lately had. The black mane is turned into short hair; and the diminished ears now skulk under a cap.

Thus in days of yore, as sacred history informs us, a haughty emperor (by heaven's decree, to punish him for his pride and cruelty) was seven years a horse, and fed on grass; but when restored to his human form, proved not a whit better

for the surprizing change he had undergone.

Denis, from the heavenly sphere, beheld with paternal eyes the sad and pitiful case of Joan D'Arc ; and tho' he should risk a fall, like that of Vulcan, was strongly incited to jump down on earth to interfere : but alas ! Denis was then greatly embarrassed in his own affairs, on account of the late voyage he had made.

Sturdy George, the patron saint of England, had carried complaints to the supreme court, that truly, the busy and meddling Mr. Saint Denis, without any instructions or orders from above, had committed frequent acts of hostility against the English.

George and Denis, from expostulations (being highly piqued against each other) came to foul words. It is to be observed that all English saints are characteristically tinctured with that haughty sullenness, for which their island is famous.

It

It will not be amiss for me and my readers to stop here a while, in order to draw breath ; for I have a long task to perform ; which is the unravelling of those intricate affairs ; also to recount what Joan did : and what happened at the same time in hell, in heaven, and on earth.





The SIXTH BOOK.

*The Cordelier Grisbourdon is in bell,
for having attempted to ravish Joan.
He relates his adventure to the infer-
nal beings.*

*** O *** My friends, let us live as
good Christians ought. After
all, to discharge our religious
and moral duties is the best
resolution we can take. In my youth,
even I, your monitor, have frequented
the company of idle rakes, whose
sole occupation was to be at all scenes
of revelry, and pass their nights in
the arms of ladies of pleasure. They
never put their unhallowed feet into
a church ; and the servants of the
Lord were the constant butts of their
raillery.

But

But what does such a dissipated life terminate in? Death! fatal death! The flat nosed, lean figure, carrying a scythe that mows down all, pays a frightful visit to the sheer-wit gentry, famed for their *bons-mots*, whose weak brain has been already deranged by the summons of Atropos's tipstaff, of stygian origin, a fever that consumes, where she resides, with a now stronger, and now weaker force.

Death's harbingers, a notary, and the nurse posted near the bed's head, say, "Since there is no tarrying any longer here, pray, Sir, where do you chuse to be buried?" Stunned by such a dreadful warning, a late and weak repentance steals out reluctantly from their mouths, on the point of being closed for ever.

One affrighted sinner prays to St. Martin to intercede for him in the last hour. Another invokes St. Roch; a third calls on St. Nicholas. The clergy sing psalms, rumble a deal of

Latin over, and sprinkle holy water on them ; but alas ! all to no purpose.

The sable beast of prey stands at the bed's foot, watching each movement ; and, with his horrid claws, seizes a soul as it elopes from the worthless body it was confined in, and quickly conveys it to the infernal regions, the proper abode for wicked spirits.

It is now time to inform my courteous reader, that, on a certain day, Satan, emperor of the Stygian territories, regaled his vassals, it being a festival throughout his gloomy dominions.

There had been lately made a numerous recruit of sinners from above ; and the jovial demons were then drinking the welcome of a certain pope, of a fat cardinal, of a northern monarch, of fourteen canons, and forty monks, all newly come down from the realms of mortality to be for ever singed in hell.

The

The horn-headed sovereign over the black legion, surrounded by his peers, smoothed his wrinkled brows, and smiled at the pleasing prospect. They gave a loose to joy, and indulged themselves in singing many drinking catches, till a loud noise at the door interrupted them.

Nothing was to be heard but a confusion of voices, saying, "Welcome, welcome, brother; yes, gentlemen, it is he; it is father Grisbourdon, our grand emissary, and a most faithful agent, who is arrived. Do not be shy, come forward and warm yourself; you shall not want fire here."

One imp takes hold of him by the right, another by the left arm; and the crowd, looking up with admiration, politely call him, the handsome friar, the comely Grisbourdon, Lucifer's own doctor, engendered by Satan, and the hereditary apostle of hell.

To express their satisfaction, some clasp him in their arms, others kiss,

and the many shake him by the hand. In the midst of all this careffing, he is conveyed to the grand feast in the twinkling of an eye.

Satan rises from his seat to receive Grisbourdon, whom he thus tenderly accosts: "Welcome, son; though I did not expect to see you here soon; for a more useful deputy I never had above. Your venerable ribaldry equalled that of all monachism besides; and you sent more new subjects to us than any other *one* has ever been known to do before. By your means, France was a seminary devoted to us. How greatly then must our empire lose by your unexpected presence here! But the decrees of destiny must be executed; therefore sit down at my right hand, and drink with us."

Grisbourdon, filled with a reverential horror, kneels down to kiss the spurs of his dread sovereign; then casts a rueful look on the capacious and glaring extent all around him; regions of fire, where death for ever dwells,

dwells, attended by crimes ; torments following close at their heels.

Here the wicked spirit hath erected his throne. Dreadful abyss ! horrid gulph of humanity ! dire sepulchre ! where all learned antiquity is inurned. Nor can wit, love, knowledge, grace, beauty, &c. protect us from it. Nay, here also are confined the numberless crowd of immortal essences, who, although originally children of heaven, have been, it seems, created for the devil.

The gazing friar saw, in devouring flames, those called on earth the best of kings, but in hell deemed the most tyrannical. For there he saw Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, the good Trajan, and the humane Titus, the model of princes, and the admiration of mankind. The two Catos are there, who, when alive, were the professed scourgers of the wicked : and the famed Scipio, who could subdue his own courage, conquer Carthage ;
and,

and, what is more, the charms of beauty !

There the learned and philosophic Plato, divine Homer, and the eloquent Cicero, are a prey to flames. Nor has Socrates, the oracle of human wisdom, and a martyr for the true God in profane Greece ; nor virtuous Solon, nor the just Aristides escaped : And why ? because all these wicked ones died without receiving absolution.

But what astonished Grisbourdon most was, to see there several saints and kings, who figure in history, and are celebrated in the monkish legends. The first he fixed his eyes on was king Clovis. Every good roman catholic French reader will be greatly surprized to learn that so great and good a king, who opened to his people the road to heaven, should be excluded from the regions of bliss he had procured for others.

For alas ! who could have have suspected that the first christian king should be as irrevocably damned, as
if

if he had been a very Pagan ? But the reader's astonishment will be dissipated, when he reflects that an ablution of holy water is of no avail to him whose heart is bad. The merciless Clovis, who delighted in cruel deeds, was blood-thirsty and inhuman. It was out of St. Remigius's power to wash away the sins of that French monarch, whose heart was gangrened with iniquity.

New cause of wonder !— Among the great ones, and sovereigns of the world, buried in the horrors of eternal night, appeared no less a being than the famous Constantine. "How? Is it possible?" cried the surprized monk. "O rigorous and inscrutable destiny ! Who could have expected to meet in hell this famous hero ! this founder of the christian church ! this scourge of the Pagan Gods, whom he had swept from earth ! and that he should have tumbled down into hell with them !"

Constantine observing Grisbourdon's amazement, thus bespoke him :

" It is true, I have overthrown the altars of the Pagan idols ; and that in their alienated temples I have burnt incense to the only true God ; but all my labours for establishing his worship had only self in view.

" For I looked on the holy altars which I had erected but as so many footstools to raise me to the imperial throne of Cæsar. The gods to whom I sacrificed in my heart, were ambition, revenge, and pleasure."

" I have made the wealth, intrigues, and blood of christians the basis of my rise and fortune. In order to preserve my greatness, dearer to me than all other objects, I have massacred my unhappy father-in-law. — Plunged deep in pleasure and in blood ; equally weak, and cruel ; intoxicated with love, and tormented by suspicions, my son and wife perished the victims of my jealous rage."

" There-

“ Therefore, Grisbourdon, be no longer astonished at seeing the emperor Constantine damned to all intents and purposes as much as thou art. Besides me, thou wilt find here below several monarchs whose festivals are kept at Rome; and whose names the papacy, in return for its obligations to them, has wrote down in red characters. But most of the papal decrees are repealed and laughed at by the grim gentleman who rules here below; and reads an irrevocable sentence to the defunct. Pursuant to which, every culprit is boiled or roasted, in proportion to the measure of their iniquity while upon earth.”

The damned friar, cheared at having such good company, could not help laughing in Constantine's face; paying him at the same time a compliment in very bad Latin; and then moved from him to take a nearer view of all other wonders in the Stygian empire.

Among

Among the many famous robbers of the earth, called Conquerors by foolish mortals, but who receive in hell the punishment they have justly deserved, the late reverend Grisboudon sees Saint Lewis, the pink of France's faintly patrons, from whose pious loins the Bourbons descend.

The royal saint was cursing his folly, for having been such a dupe to an impostor from the other side of the Alps, as to abandon to her hard destiny his pretty wife, having nobody to gallant her, while he was slaughtering the Saracens in Turkish Syria.

This bigotted king, become an extravagant knight-errant, might have a place in paradise, had he remained satisfied in being a plain christian.

He was a very devout, but not an honest man. In the place of Truth, he was contented to wear her mask. Not contented to do what the Commandments require, he overshot the bounds

bounds of grace in his religious phrenzy.

He used to scourge himself, wear a hair-shirt, drink water, and eat very poorly. Would never indulge himself on rich soups, ortolans, partridges, or pheasants. He often passed the nights, in lying on a bare bedstead, and without sleep; having a discipline in his hand to scourge away any worldly thoughts that should intrude on his pious meditations.

Would not this silly monarch have acted a more manly part, to have so-laced himself with his female bed-fellow, which he could safely do in the heart of his kingdom, instead of running to the devil through the disagreeable and foolish road of mortification?

This royal simpleton founded the hospital of Quinze Vingts, in Paris, and allotted a sum for the dowries of an hundred girls, to bribe them to take on a religious life. He also founded an asylum for poor pilgrims. Sure

all

all this merited heaven, and his being classed among the saints. No; for Lewis, unchecked by any remorse, had spread desolation through his kingdom, in consequence of zealous wars, and thereby filled France with widows and with orphans. If such have been the fruits of his devout works, what devil from hell could have caused more mischief?

Grisbourdon, having taken a sufficient view of the royal culprit, said nothing to him, and turned another way; where he discovered boiling, in the midst of a reverberating fire, a great number of famous preachers, wealthy prelates, nicely distinguishing casuists, learned doctors, Spanish monks in abundance, numberless young nuns of Italy, all the confessors of kings and queens, and the fornicating directors of pretty ladies, who had their paradise in this world.

From the midst of a large cauldron, boiling over an huge coal fire, lo! under an high-topt and wide-brim'd felt

felt hat, emerges the saturnine visage of Calvin, who first bent his scowling eyes on his brother reformer, Martin Luther; then cast a menacing look at the pontiff of Rome.

All the smothered pride of a sectary broke out on his ferocious and haggard countenance; he possessing inwardly all the ingredients of tyranny; a bad heart, intolerant spirit, and a jealous soul.

Though in a raging hot bath, he in vain strives to cool his fancy, by imagining himself in his own city; which fanatic abode all men of gallantry detest. It is carefully avoided by every free-thinking mind, that has nobly emancipated itself from old tales, and foolish prejudice. There the great apostle Servetus was burnt, a just but indiscreet enemy to superstition. His wicked rival, Calvin, could never forgive his having reasoned better than himself.

Such is the powerful charm of vengeance in wicked minds, that, though
in

in hell, Calvin's gloomy eyes seemed to clear with a sense of joy, as if he then saw at his feet, and imploring him to spare his life, that foolish bishop Spisame, native of Nevers, remarkable for his gallantry with chamber-maids, and who had preferred the hypocritical inhabitants of Geneva to the honest folks of Champagne.

Calvin seemed to pronounce in ecstasy, "Hang up the scoundrel. To kiss chamber-maids shall not be looked on as a joke by my pious Huguenots."—It was not, however, for religion's sake, that Calvin willed his death, but because that he had enjoyed more pleasure than himself.

The Cordelier, Grisbourdon, stung from a fellow-feeling, breaks out with a thundering voice, accompanied by a furious look, "Answer me, thou most impudent rascal, Calvin, by what authority didst thou pretend to punish upon earth those who indulged the gentle passion of love? Who commissioned thee to declare war against those

those sons of grace, whose ardent zeal, in order to keep peace in families, had been indefatigable, in relieving all female wants."

Not thinking words sufficient to express his indignation, the angry friar was about raising a riot, in order to bruise the reforming saint of Geneva; but he found himself, like the hated figure he would fain attack, a winged bird in the infernal cage, wherein Lucifer had painted all around the future damned of succeeding generations to the end of time.

The unhappy, as soon as plunged into this cursed den, are immediately actuated with the spirit of the place; wherefore Grisbourdon saw the pictured forms in tortures, and heard their groans. Without mistaking, he penetrated into the secrets of futurity, as if present before him, and had painted on his brain all the sinister adventures of future generations, who were to increase the numbers of Satan's host. All this the Cordelier saw, and
much

much better than any prophet, or devil incarnate, ever had intuitively beheld.

As soon as Grisbourdon was come into the gallery, to recover from the furious agitation he had been in, he decried, at the far end, a friar, whose habiliment was half white, half black, and his hair cut round in a star-like form.

Grisbourdon, who could not help smiling at the haughty look of this pious animal, said to himself, "This fellow is certainly a Dominican." Wherefore he abruptly accosted him, "What is your name, friend?" The shade answered him in a very melancholy tone, "Alas! my son, I am St. Dominic."

Stunned by the reply, and so great a name, bully Grisbourdon fell back a little; and not knowing whether he should believe him or not, made the sign of the cross, and said,

"Is it possible, that in this dark dungeon, visible only by its tormenting
ing

ing flames, should be so great a saint, apostle, and doctor, as you, Dominic! the sacred protector of the faith! a man chosen by God! the evangelical preacher. Certainly grace must have played you a foul trick.

“ So then poor St. Dominick is damned, as if he had been a vile heretic; while deceived mortals upon earth sing the litanies of all the saints, and celebrate the annual festivals of each with all the pomp of church ceremonies.”

The half black, half white gowned Spaniard replied, in a piteous tone, “ Let us not trouble ourselves now about the foolish opinions of mankind; what signifies to us the contemptible bustle caused by their different errors?”

“ Ah! thrice unhappy we, to be thus tormented where we are, though venerated and panegyricized where we are not. Many a saint is punished here below, to whom numerous chapels are dedicated upon earth. And
many

many a person is sentenced to hell, by the mistaken judgments of mortals, that enjoys in heaven the happiness of eternal life.

“ For my part, what has justly registered me on Satan’s black list, is my having formerly persecuted the poor Albigeneses. I was not missioned to destroy, but to save ; therefore, as I have ordered others to be roasted, above, the like punishment is now retorted on me here below ; but not for ever, I hope. I despair not of seeing hereafter the saints in the heavenly regions, when I shall have finished my purgatorial probation here.”

Be not amazed, humane readers, at my declaring to ye, that if I had an hundred iron tongues, and each could speak incessantly, they would be insufficient to tell over the number of canonized saints that are indenized in hell.

The scorched legions of Satan having done all honours in their power to the newly arrived son of St. Francis,
made

made him this general request, speaking all together. " O tell us, dear Grisbourdon, what brought you to so untimely an end? Come, come, tell us what extraordinary adventure has hurled thy wicked soul among us, long before it was expected."

The Cordelier replied, " Gentlemen, with all my heart, I will tell ye roundly how my sudden arrival has happened, and by what strange adventure. However astonishing it may appear to ye at first, ye cannot think I impose on ye, because there is no more fibbing after death.

" While upon earth, as ye all know very well, I was your apostle. Both for your honour, and that of my cloth, I was near concluding the most gallant exploit ever atchieved by monk, out of the precincts of his convent.

" My mule-driver ! O ! what a remarkable animal was he ! a very great man ! and my condign rival ! This admirable mule-driver, I say, resolute in his duty, had, by far, passively surpassed the most wanton hopes
 nO " G of

of male-Conculix ; and I for the monster, when female, exerted my utmost zeal in her service ; nay I dare say, without vanity, she was not a little pleased with my prowess.

“ Conculix, charmed with our extraordinary efforts to contribute to her happiness, gave up to us Joan D’Arc as a recompence for the service done, as had been stipulated. The doughty and rebellious wench was in the imminent danger of losing her maidenhead ; for while she struggled in my arms, my mule-driver held her tight under me ; Conculix laughing immoderately at the conflict.

“ But there is no being sure of any thing ; for the very moment I thought myself conqueror, O wonderful to tell ! the azure vault opened ! and from those high regions called heaven, whither none of us shall ever go, I saw descend through the air the long-eared animal, who in days of yore spoke to Balaam as he travelled on the mountain. Hell ! what a formidable afs !

“ On

“ On his back was a fine velvet saddle, with a two-edged sabre on its bow ; he had wings on his shoulders, with which he outstrips the winds in swiftness. Joan, on beholding him, cried aloud in raptures, *Heaven be praised, my ass is come.* At these words, my blood ran cold !

“ On the instant, the ass squatted obsequiously on his fore knees ; then, by the movement of his tail, and raising his handsome head, seemed to say, *Come, Dunois, get upon me.* Dunois mounts him, and is borne by the flying quadruped over our heads, where he wheels and capers about in air.

“ But Dunois, having taken his measures well, comes driving at me with his scimitar. — Thus formerly, dread sovereign of these gloomy realms, when you impruently waged war with the thunderer, St. Michael, the avenger of heavenly injuries, is said to have fallen upon you.

“ In order to rescue my life from such pressing danger, I was obliged to have recourse to my necromantic

art. I instantly uncased myself of the brawny appearance, thick black brows, and insolent look of a Cordelier, in order to assume the more pleasing figure of a young, innocent, and tempting nymph.

“ Fine flaxen locks, curled by nature, not by art, played wantonly on my snowy bosom, whose swelling orbs were more invitingly perceived through a transparent lawn. In short, to save myself, I played off all the winning arts of the sex.

“ I suffused an attractive languor in my eyes. My countenance had such an air of undebauched virtue, as draws most powerfully, when it forbids. I exhibited such invitations of pleasure, from every part of me, as to make the wisest of men play the fool, in order to obtain my favour. No artifice, no heightening beauty, was omitted!

“ Dunois was so struck by my bewitching appearance, that he suspended in air the dreadful instrument with which he must certainly have put an end to my days, by splitting me in twain.

“ Du-

“ Dunois gazes on me, stops short, cannot conceal his emotions. According to poetic history, whoever looked on Meduza’s head, was immediately transformed into stone. The alteration Dunois felt within him by looking on me was of quite another kind. His soul was enraptured, and his eyes filled with love and respect. — The death-dealing sword dropt from his hand. Who would not have imagined my triumph sure !

“ The mule-driver (who had secured in his arms the masculine beauty, Joan D’Arc) on discovering the softer features, and more delicate charms, which I had exhibited, conceived an immediate passion for me ; my mistake was not to have imagined the mule-driver capable of desiring such delicacies ; and to think that, for coarse stomachs, coarse food is the most fitting.

“ He imprudently let go his hold of Joan, to come and make love to me — Ah well a day ! little had I or any body

else ever suspected that my beauty should prove my bane.

“ Joan was no sooner set free, than beholding on the ground the glittering scimitar which had fallen from Dunois’s hand, she runs to, takes up, and arms her right hand with the murdering blade.

“ As the mule-driver was coming to close with me, she, with a vigorous back-hand blow, cut violently thro’ the nape, and felled me on the ground breathless.

“ From that fatal moment, I neither know, nor can tell, any thing of the lecherous mule-driver, murdering Joan, the two-sexed Conculix, the flying ass, or the gallant Dunois. My kindest wish for them all is, that they may be impaled an hundred times a day ; and that heaven, whose delight it is to punish the guilty, may speedily hurl them down to hell, to afford you and me diversion.”

Grifbourdon, having concluded his wicked history with some tincture of acrimony, his infernal auditors burst out into an universal fit of laughter at him.

The



The SEVENTH BOOK.

Their departure from the castle of Conculix. The adventure of Agnes and Monrose.

IT is now high time that we emerge from the infernal gloom, fell horror's gulph, where the wicked Grisboudon howls, a prey to the flames of Lucifer.

From the regions of stench, let us shape our course to, and steer thro' the pure fields of air, in order to take a review of all that passes in the world; which, on reflection, will be found a hell of another kind. Wherein, from every place of favour, innocence is proscribed. Wherein the hypocrite pre-

vails over the honest man. Wherein no traces of wit, of taste, of the polite arts, or of any virtue, remain.

A base and low-minded cunning supplies the place of every good quality, and constitutes the only merit. The detestable zeal of dangerous devotees, arms the silly multitude against the sages who will not subscribe to their errors.

Sordid interest, which hath usurped an universal empire over the earth, sole arbiter of peace and war, stands near its coffers in a pensive and uninviting attitude, while to wealthy oppression it sells the rights of the poor and the defenceless.

Contemptible mortals! how senseless, how culpable are your proceedings in general! What good accrues to you from the mercenary crimes you are daily guilty of? Unhappy wretches, who sin without pleasure, learn at length to have, at least, a more reasonable appearance in your erroneous pursuits. Contrive matters so as to
appear

appear happy finners ; and, since you are to be damned, let your damnation be the price of pleasureable crimes.

It was according to this maxim that Agnes Sorel lived. From her youngest years she could never be reproached for any other crime than that of indulging her amorous disposition ; for which human frailty I pardon her with all my heart, and am of opinion that the all-clement Deity will extend his mercy to her. For it is well known, that all the female saints, said to be in Paradise, have not transmigrated virgins from this world to the other.

While Joan D'Arc's honour was defended by her fighting so successfully, and that with a stroke of the celestial weapon, she cut off the grisly head of Grisburdon ; the flying afs, on whom Dunois was mounted, resolved to indulge the wicked caprice of running away with, and carrying him far from Joan.

What could be the winged animal's motive? Love! Yes, the tender passion of love, (to which his soul was secretly a prey) spurred on by envy against his valiant rider. — If what is here advanced appear any way mysterious to the reader, let him remain satisfied for the present; he will hereafter be informed upon what pretensions this new kind of lover acted; how his animal existence was capable of such a passion; and whence flowed his hopes of indulging it.

Away he flies with astonished Dunois, shot like an arrow thro' the air, who from afar casts down a look on the heroine, whom he views naked, and with sword in hand, deal destruction all around. The bold maid, yielding to the impulse of her swelling heart, altho' covered with blood, forces her way through all opposition.

She defeats all the efforts of Conculix to stop her. Regardless of his imps, that, flying about her in airy legions, strive to oppose her passage, she

she proceeds undaunted, and dissipates them as she moves along.

So when an imprudent mortal, who has descried a bee-hive in a wood, draws near to indulge a foolish curiosity, and admires the wonderful art employed in erecting the waxen palace; from every side the humming swarms rush forth, and wage a winged war about the foolish admirer.

The poor wretch, stung almost to madness, runs this way and that; laying about him with his hands, and stamping with his feet, he scatters some of this flying populace through the air, knocks down others, kills several, and crushes many under his heels. In such a manner were the aerial bands of *Conculix* dispersed by the brave and dauntless Joan.

The pitiful mule-driver, fearing a like catastrophé with that of the Cordelier, implored her mercy, trembling as he speaks: "O valiant maid! whom I have loved so long, and have heretofore so often assisted in the stable,
con-

conquer your passion, and spare my life. Let not your manners be changed by the honours you have acquired. Ah! Joan, behold my tears; I am doomed to death, unless you bid me live."

Joan replied, with an air of superiority, "Live, puppy, I forgive you; my heavenly sword scorns to be polluted with such vile, such dirty blood as yours. Therefore, I permit you to vegetate; but, from this instant, your heavy carcass is to have the honour of carrying me.

"I cannot, it is true, metamorphose you into a mule; but, as the occasion presses, I must overlook your figure; for, carry me you must, man or mule. Dunois having run away with my ass, you must serve me in its stead. Therefore, put yourself in a proper posture to receive me on your back."

As soon as she had spoke the word, the obsequious human brute bowed down his bald and heavy head, and moved

moved upon all fours. The maiden combatant bestrides him, and drives to the field of war, in quest of heroic deeds.

In the mean time, Conculix, enraged at his having been so baffled, goes and complains to his demoniac father, that he had been so defeated, and all for a sturdy village wench, who had no other merit, than the having her maidenhead forsooth !

But what was the fate of the fair Agnes Sorel, all this while, my reader may ask. That I shall now relate, reminding him first of the great perplexity in which he had seen her ; while naked, terrified, and struck dumb with fear, the vigorous John Chandos clasped her in his arms. But on hearing the noisy summons of war, he let her go, and ran to the combat.

Agnes thought herself relieved from the imminent danger, of which she had not as yet lost the impression. She, however, made a vow that she would never be surprized in such a manner

manner again ; and swore within herself, that she would continue faithful to king Charles, who loved her (she knew) and only her ; that she would ever think herself happy in so honourable a connection ; and that she would rather die, than prove false to him. — It is very hard for any mortal to swear what they shall do.

She thus vowed, in the midst of so wild a confusion and uproar as must be when a camp is surprized, when officers and soldiers are all in movement ; some fighting, others running away ; and when the wretches who follow armies rob the camp, to be before-hand with the enemy.

The beautiful Agnes, at so terrible a conjuncture, seeing herself without cloaths, while nothing but an universal hubub was to be heard, and the people's eyes were almost blinded with the dust, stole into Chandos's wardrobe, and there, quaking with fear, and without making the least noise, took a shirt, slippers, night-gown and cap,

cap, all which she put on her. Then luckily discovered a bay mare, which had been ready saddled and bridled for Chandos; but his squire, an old intrepid drunkard, held the bridle as he slept profoundly. Agnes, with great dexterity, gets it out of his hand, and mounting from the next convenient thing that offers itself, she sets the horse a going towards the neighbouring woods, alternately filled with joy for her escape, and fear of any new mishap.

Bonneau, not knowing what should become of him, ran about on the plain, cursing his heavy paunch, their curious voyage, the war, the court, the English, Sorel, and love.

Chandos' handsome page, Monrose, was returning that very time from where he had been sent in the morning on a message; and taking a view, at a distance, of all that passed, he descried the bay mare to drive towards the wood; and seeing his master's gown and night-cap, he falsely imagined

gined that it was Chandos himself, running away from the camp half-naked.

Amazed that he could be guilty of dastardly flight, he spurred his horse after the mare, crying out, "O master! O my lord! whither do you fly? Who is in pursuit of you? Has the French king got the day? I will follow you, Sir, wherever you go; and if you die, am determined not to survive."

As he spoke, he hastened his speed; and the wind blowing high, carried him away, his horse, and all he said. Agnes, who fancied herself pursued, flies into the wood; the page after her. The quicker she flies, the more he hastens. The mare stumbles, and the despairing Agnes falls to the ground, having made a loud shriek.

The page comes up as swift as the wind; but how great was his astonishment, when, the night-gown now flown open, he discovered a delicate nymph, with snowy bosom, and thighs
so

so nicely rounded, as if they had been formed by the hands of Cupid.

Not more surprized than Monrose, was the handsome Adonis, when, for the first time, the mistress of Mars and Anchises came down from heaven, and presented herself to him at the corner of a wood.

The attire of Venus was more suited to her sex; neither had her divine body, harrassed with fatigue, been thrown on the ground by a stumbling mare; nor were her celestial locks tucked up under a man's night-cap; nor were her ivory buttocks bruised by a fall.

Notwithstanding these advantages, had Adonis been there, he would have doubted to whom he should give the preference, whether to Venus, or to Agnes. The young Englishman, at so enchanting a sight, felt himself penetrated with a mixed sentiment of respect and fear.

He raises Agnes, and trembles as he embraces her. "Ah me!" said the anxious youth, "I hope, sweet angel,

angel, you are not hurt." Agnes, beholding him with eyes over which a pleasing languor was diffused, and having fetched a deep sigh, expresses her fear in an embarrassed manner.

"Whoever thou art that hast pursued me hither, if thy heart be not hardened by crimes, let not my unhappy plight embolden thee to offer any abuse to my person. But rather, young stranger, protect my honour: O become my defence! become my deliverer!"

A flood of tears interrupting her discourse, she turned aside; vowing within herself, in the midst of her sorrow and affliction, that she would continue faithful to her royal lover, to whom she was under such weighty obligations.

The smitten Monrose, after a short silence, addressed her in a most tender and affectionate manner. "How great is your power over hearts, O adorable ornament of this world! I am devoted to your commands. Rely upon

upon my succour. My heart, my blood, my life, my soul, is at your disposal. In return, I ask but this small indulgence ; that you will not refuse my proffered service ; the only recompence I sue for. To succour you must be perfect happiness."

He pulled out a flask of carmelite-water, which he, with a timid hand, sprinkled on her reviving charms, and whatever part had been bruised by the saddle or fall. The face of Agnes, who could not be angry at such friendly offices, was crimsoned over with a sudden blush. She began not to think his hand too bold, and ventured to ogle him without any fear ; but still vowing within herself, that she would continue faithful to the king.

The page having emptied his bottle, says to her, " Sweet paragon of beauty ! I advise you to make to the neighbouring village. Let us follow this narrow path, which leads to it. There no foldier dwells : we shall reach it in an hour. I have money, and there
will

will purchase a proper attire for her, whose charms are sufficient to captivate even the monarch of France."

The wandering lady consented. — Besides his engaging comeliness, Monrose's manner of behaving was so submissive, and so tender of her, that it was not in her power to refuse following him.

Perhaps some malevolent critics may cry out here, in order to interrupt the thread of my history, "Can it be believed that a handsome young fellow, and a page too, would behave to Agnes in so discreet and respectful a manner, as not to take the least freedom with her?"

Let this answer be sufficient for all such rigid censors. The page, the handsome Monrose, was in love. — Let them learn too, at the same time, that lust only makes people forward; but that Love inspires his votaries with a respectful timidity.

As Monrose and Agnes proceeded towards the village, they entertained
each

each other with talking of amorous subjects, of martial exploits, of feats of knighthood, of old tales, and of deeds of gallantry; the youth frequently drawing near the admired Agnes, to kiss her fair hands, but without offering any indecency.

She could not reject such gentle homage; Monrose appearing to have no farther intention. This well-behaved youth, though he desired much, asked but for little.

As soon as they had reached the village, he conducts the tired beauty into a bed-chamber. There between two sheets she modestly reposed her charms: while the busy Monrose, in order to give undoubted proofs of his attachment to her, ran every where to procure all necessaries of food and rayment for the beautiful sovereign of his heart. Where are any worldlings to be found, who, with all their boasted prudence and œconomy, can equal thy careful measures, Oh tender youth,
whose

whose heart love and honour formed with an emulous complacency!

But alas! in the very house where the beautiful pair had put up, was lodged the chaplain of Chandos; and chaplains, we all know, are by far a more abandoned race than pages. This caitiff, having learned the story of Agnes and Monrose's journey; and being told what a world of charms was lodged not far from his room, was enflamed with sudden lust, which being unable to contain, of so lascivious and libertine a disposition was he, that he rushed into Agnes's room, swearing he would enjoy her. — Having shut the door, he draws her curtains.


There, reader, let us leave him for the present, that I may inform you what the famous Dunois, mounted on his flying ass, was doing at that very time.

The



The EIGHTH BOOK.

*Description of the temple of Fame. The
adventure of Dorothea.*

 N the upper regions of the
air, where the hoary Alps
erect their lofty heads, and
divide the clouds, near that
famous rock cut asunder by Annibal,
to make the passage which proved of
such fatal consequence to Rome, and
from whence the sky appears like a
round disk over the spectator's head,
who sees tempests brewing far beneath
his feet, is a palace of transparent
marble, without a roof or door, open
on all sides, and to all comers.

Its interior consists of polished glass,
that, faithful in its reflection, repre-
sents

sents exactly whatever approaches to admire itself, be they handsome or ugly, young or old. A thousand different avenues lead thither, but they indeed are slippery. Abrupt and dangerous abysses must be bounded over, ere the wish'd-for goal can be reached.

Some hardy and inconsiderate adventurers often hurry themselves thither, without knowing by what plea entitled, or how they had come thither. But to arrive there, is the universal passion; and for one that climbs safely up to the palace, hundreds slip, fall down, and break their necks.

That the wishes of the indiscreet may be satisfied, as well as of the deserving, Fame has two trumpets; that for the deserving, she applies to her mouth, to be filled with the breath of immortality: the other she applies to her *anus*, to blast the undeserving with infamy.

It is by her inferior crepitation that all contemptible works are puffed about, such as Danchet's poems, the
 prose

prose writings of Marivaux, the occasional productions of hackney writers; the Parnassian insects of a day, that successively eclipse each other: and those laboured nothings of a month, that expire as soon as hatched out of their dull author's brain, fit only for colledge libraries, to be there buried in dust, and devoured by vermin, notwithstanding the royal privileges they wear.

Gallant Dunois, thou wast agreeably surprized to find thyself transported to this happy place. Thy noble name, worthy of the honours that have been always paid to it, was proclaimed by the reputable trumpet. With what pleasure didst thou regard those polished mirrors in which thou beheldest lively representations of thy own virtues; not only those exhibited in sieges, battles, and all the tumult of war; but also the less noisy virtues of a retired life; to wit, numberless acts of beneficence to the wretched,

H

who,

who, in their asylums, praise thee as their second saviour.

Men of merit, preferred by thee at court, proclaim thy goodness; nay, thy praise is sung by orphans, whom thou hast rescued from the oppressive schemes of perfidious and wicked guardians. Dunois could not help feeling an inward sense of satisfaction (to which true virtue is not an enemy) at this historical review of his good actions. Nay, his very ass, prancing from mirror to mirror, took pleasure in contemplating himself.

On the instant, an alarm is given by one of the trumpets proclaiming aloud to all, "This is the horrid day in which, according to the barbarous sentence pronounced in Milan, the fair Dorothea is to be burnt there. Weep her hard fate, all ye tender-hearted mortals who have felt the power of love."

The gallant Dunois' courage and curiosity being equally excited, asks with a military impatience, "Who is this

this Dorothea? this maid whom they mean to burn? What crime has she committed to deserve so cruel a punishment?—If she be ugly, they may burn her for me. But if she be young, delicate, and beautiful, it is a barbarity ought not to be allowed in a christian country.”

As he finished his enquiry, the trumpet answered, “ Such alas! is the severity of the law. It is written, that the fair, the unhappy Dorothea, is to be thrown a prey amongst devouring flames, if the valour of some courtly knight do not snatch the beautiful maid from the fire that is now preparing for her.”

This information was more than enough to kindle Dunois's courage to fly to the succour of an unfortunate lady; for he, without hesitating, seized on every glorious opportunity to distinguish himself by defending the weak, the innocent, and brow-beating haughty oppression. “ Come, quoth he to his afs, let us away strait to Milan;

imp thy wings for the flight. Honour summons me thither."

The obsequious ass expands his wings for flight, and shoots rapidly through the air. No palfrey-mounted knight can go so fast. Dunois soon descries the city, and the place where the merciless tools of justice were making all things ready for the execution of the dire sentence.

In the middle of a great square, a huge pile of wood was erected. The guard around consisted of three hundred archers, varlets as cruel as dastardly; blood-thirsty monsters, whose delight is to enjoy the sufferings of the unhappy. They were then busily insolent in hindering the crowds on foot from approaching too near.

The windows all about were filled with spectators, waiting to see the tragic event, and shedding tears for it before-hand. On a balcony was placed the archbishop and his clergy, in order to behold the fatal ceremony with eyes of christian inflexibility.

At

At length poor Dorothea appears, hand-cuffed, and having no other garb on than her shift. She is conducted by four alguasils. Her excessive affliction, despair, and confusion, had thrown a cloud before her eyes; scalding tears fret furrows down her lovely cheeks.

As the tears chanced to clear from off her enflamed and wandering eyes, she espied the fatal stake prepared for her execution; and, as sighs permitted, thus expressed her anguish: "Where art thou now, dear object of my love, who in the midst of all these horrors, reignest absolute sovereign of my heart?"

A swelling storm of grief prevented her uttering any more. She was scarce able to stammer out the name of her lover; and then fell into the arms of those near her, without sentiment, and speechless; but beautiful, even in that sad condition: though on her face a mixture of yellow and deadly pale was diffused.

An abandoned caitiff, called Sacrogorgon, the archbishop's champion, whose forehead was embrowned with uncommon effrontery, advanced towards the funeral pile, with a dagger in his hand, and proclaimed aloud,

“ I swear before all present, that Dorothea deserves the fire she is sentenced to ; and if there be any body who dares espouse her quarrel, any person bold enough to hazard his life in her behalf, let the audacious mortal instantly step forth ; his cloven skull shall be the punishment for such temerity. ”

To add terror to his declaration, he walked about menacingly ; flourished his sabre in the air, twirling his horrid eyes around, and distorting his hideous mouth. His shocking phiz scared all beholders, and not a volunteer was to be found in Milan to espouse the cause of the beautiful and unfortunate Dorothea. They were all dismayed by Sacrogorgon. Tears were shed in abundance all around ;

around ; but no body dared to answer. The bishop, triumphing inwardly, from his balcony encouraged the savage Sacrogorgen, by pious winks, and tipping him a private benediction.

Dunois, who at that time hovered in the air, was so incensed at the audacious insolence of such a miscreant, and so touched with Dorothea's situation, whose beauty received new lustre from her grief, and the horrors which environed her, that, without desiring any farther evidence, he believed her innocent: therefore alit, and thus expressed himself in an audible voice :

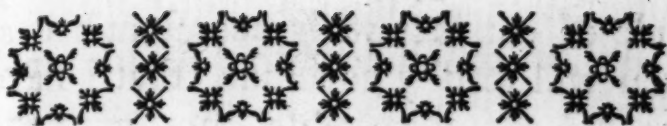
“ Thou wretch, visage of reprobation, turn and behold the man, whose courage will prove that Dorothea is a prudent and virtuous maid; and that thou art nothing more than a mere brutal bully, a supporter of vice, and a perjured villain.—I first will learn from Dorothea, what monstrous crime she stands accused of; her particular case, and by what fini-

fter contrivance girls are condemned to be burnt in Milan."

As he concluded, the people applauded the resolution of this unknown young hero with reiterated shouts. Sacrogorgon, struck with fear, put on the best countenance he could ; and the haughty prelate, tho' so complete a master of hypocrisy, could not conceal his uneasiness.


Dunois went up to Dorothea, and addressed her in a most humble and courteous manner. While the fair maid relates the history of her misfortune and shame, sighs often interrupting her, the heavenly ass, who had remained perched upon the church, since Dunois' dismounting, seemed greatly moved by the scene before him. All the devout families of Milan offered up their thanksgivings to heaven, for taking such special care of young girls.

The



The NINTH BOOK.

Dunois carries off the innocent Dorothea from the holy inquisition.


W H E N, formerly, and as yet in the bloom of life, I was forsaken by the fair one I adored; my heart being distracted by so severe a loss, I poured out imprecations against Cupid and his empire; but proceeded no farther. For, barbarous as she had proved to me, it never came into my head to offend, by the least indelicate expression, the beauty I had once revered; much less to give her any trouble by thwarting her supposed happiness. I never was for constraining a lady's affections; where she likes; there let her attach herself.

H 5

Since,

Since, reader, this has been my rule of conduct with inconstant belles, you will readily conclude, that I have treated the inexorable ones with the profoundest respect. For I hold it a horrid crime in any man to persecute the heart whose inclinations he cannot win.

Attend then to my advice, all ye men of gallantry. "If you find that the lady to whom you address your vows, seems averse to pay you in kind, turn your views another way, and where you may hope for kinder treatment. And thank heaven, according to the present benevolent system of human society, there is no dearth of tender objects to administer comfort."

The last resource to banish care, is by drinking copiously of a generous wine; which method has been practised by many a sage. Would to God the cruel prelate of Milan had done the same; and taken such salutary means to cure the fever raging in his heart, rather than to plot the
igno-

ignominious end of the unhappy lady he could not seduce to satisfy his lewd desires.

Dunois, by his generous behaviour, having already restored hope and courage to Dorothea, humbly entreated to know what were the crimes that she stood charged withal. To which kind question she modestly reclining her eyes, made this answer:

“ O divine angel! that art come down from heaven, by thy interposition to rescue me from the shameful death which thou seest prepared for me, thou knowest my innocence as well as I do.”

“ Not I, upon my honour, madam,” quoth Dunois. “ I am but of mere mortal mould, and brought hither to snatch you from those pious blood-hounds, by a very strange adventure. — But who can penetrate into the secrets of providence! For my part, gentle lady, I believe you immaculate: but pray, for heaven’s sake, let me know the cause of this dreadful

dreadful apparatus, and by what adventure it has been provoked."

Dorothea, having wiped away the pearly tears that were trickling down her handsome cheeks, began her story.

"Alas! courteous knight, love has been the cause of all my misfortunes. You, perhaps, may know, or at least have heard of, La Trimouille." —

"Know him, fair lady," replied Du-nois, "why he is my most intimate friend; we are hand and glove. I will say this for him, that few heroes have so noble a soul. The French king has not a more faithful officer, nor the English a foe more dreaded. And there breathes not a knight more deserving of a fair lady's esteem."

"What you say is true, Sir," quoth Dorothea in raptures. "He is the very man. It is now about a year since he has departed from Milan. It was in this city I had the happiness of being adored by him. He swore he loved me, and I believed him. Nay, my fond heart is now convinced

convinced, that wheresoever he be, I reign in his; for I love him too well not to be loved in return."

"I vouch for him," said Dunois; "doubt not of his heart a moment. Besides, Madam, your superior beauty is enough to insure your quiet on that head. I know La Trimouille well. Like me, he is constant as any monarch in his amours."

Dorothea eagerly replied, "Sweet Sir, I believe you. O! the happy day when first I saw him! He appeared to my ravished eyes the most amiable, and most virtuous of young knights. My heart soon acknowledged his right of sovereignty."

"He was the secret object of my adoration, before I could tell why, or wherefore, or knew whether I loved him or not. It was — O Sir! — O golden hour! it was at the archbishop's I saw him first; where, as he sat near me at table — O delicious remembrance! — he — Sir — he — indeed he made love to me, and in
such

such a warm manner, that my eyes were dazzled, my ears tingled, my blood was all on fire. In short, Sir, I can't tell you how I was.

" Alas ! I then little knew how dangerous a thing love is ; but I was so pleased that I could not eat a bit. The next day he paid me a visit, but did not stay long. He was scarce gone away, when my heart called him back ; and he not returning, followed him.

" The next day he visited me again, and our tete-a-tete was somewhat longer, but as decent as the former had been. The next day he received the reward of his polite behaviour ; two smacking kisses from my lips, that quivered with joy as they felt the balmy pressure of his.

" The next day he grew a little bolder — but promised me marriage. The next day — he began to push matters ! but he the next day — O Sir — the next day — he got me with child !

" Ah

“ Ah me ! what have I said ! I have related every article of my misfortune and my shame, without knowing, O worthy knight, who it is I have the honour of making my confident. ”

The courteous knight, in obedience to the lady, without making any parade of his birth or exploits, plainly replied, “ My name is Dunois. ” — Nor indeed was it necessary for him to say any more ; his heroic name being so universally known — “ O ! indulgent heaven,” she cries, “ to have not only heard my prayers, but thro’ thy ineffable goodness to send to my relief the valiant Dunois, whose sword is always crowned with victory. Amiable warrior, favourite of Venus, and France’s only hope ! How it heightens the joy of my delivery that I owe my honour and life to you ! Were I not under those great obligations, your name alone would be sufficient to obtain a confidence in you.

“ Know

“ Know then, valorous and gallant Dunois, that at the expiration of a few months my lover was summoned to the war — Destructive war ! wicked England ! I did all I could to detain him ; but his sense of honour triumphed over that of love. His resolution to depart rendered me quite disconsolate. You doubtless, Sir, are not a stranger to what enamoured hearts feel on such trying occasions. His unavoidable duty, as a man of honour, is the source from which all my misfortunes have flown. I felt it then, as the tears gushed in abundance from my sorrowing eyes.

“ As well as I could, I suppressed all the movements of my heart, knowing that all efforts to retard him would be in vain, and against his honour ; which, rather than cause to be stained, I would prefer a thousand deaths.

“ At parting, he presented me with a bracelet made of his flaxen locks, and his portrait, with which often beguiling the time of his absence, I have
imagined

imagined to see and converse with him. But the most valuable article he left with me, is a faithful pledge of his constant love, and of his honourable intentions to marry me; which is written in his own hand, and runs thus — “ I swear by the powers of love, and by all the happiness my ravished soul has enjoyed, that I will return to this court as soon as my duty will permit, in order to espouse my dearest Dorothea.”

“ But alas, Sir, he is gone : — My dear La Trimouille, accompanied by his valour, is now in Orleans, and perhaps this very hour defending its rampart, in quest of glory. — Could the charming youth but know how much I have suffered since his departure, and of what almost fatal consequence his love has been to me — But, avert it heaven ! — let him continue ignorant of all ; lest it should trouble him in the discharge of his duty.

“ As

“ As soon as my beloved La Trimouille was departed from Milan, I withdrew from the prying inquisitiveness of this scandal-loving city, in order to find some obscure-retreat in the country, where I might nurse my anguish. For my parents being deceased, I hoped that, sequestered from the world, and far from any observer's eye, I might give a loose to my grief.

“ I there concealed in a most secret manner my tears, and the cause of them, my pregnancy. But alas! what proved my greatest misfortune was, to be the archbishop's niece.” Here she was interrupted by a burst of sighs, and turned up to heaven her eyes, all drowned in tears. — After a short pause, she recovered, and continued.

“ I was in my asylum, with the greatest privacy, delivered of the dear fruit of my stolen embraces with La Trimouille. Comforting myself with the young son for the father's absence, I impatiently expected his return.

“ But

“ But my evil genius would so have it, that my uncle, the archbishop, took it into his head to pay me a visit, and see what kind of life his niece could lead, sequestered in the gloom of a forest.

“ Having come from his palace to my retreat, he soon felt the power of my beauty ! Unhappy beauty ! valuable and dangerous present ! so near being fatal to me, what reasons have I not to detest and exclaim against thee ! His archiepiscopal breast proving no safeguard against the all-penetrating arrows of Cupid, he broke his passion to me — Good heaven ! how great was my astonishment !

“ I remonstrated to him the heinousness of such a design ; - how it equally revolted against nature and the church ; bidding him at the same time to consider his sacred priesthood, the duty of his mitred rank, and, above all, how nearly we were related.

“ I found, alas ! my remonstrances had but little weight with my uncle ;
and

and that he entertained hopes of satisfying his criminal desires. He imagined that my inflexibility to him sprang from my inexperience of the passion of love; and that therefore, in a little time, I should fall an easy conquest. He quite harrassed me with his troublesome sollicitations, and his offers of kindness so often rejected, which nevertheless he still urged.

“ But ah me! one unhappy day, that, quite absorpt in sadness, and, to alleviate it somewhat, I was reading La Trimouille’s dear promise, which I had moistened with my tears, my uncle came behind, and snatched from me the paper, which contained the story of my life.

“ By reading the fatal scroll, he was let into my secrets, my attachment, and that he had a rival. His jealous soul, rendered furious by this discovery, threw off all restraint from his abandoned desires. Always alert to surprise me, and ever on the watch about

about my concerns, he soon found out that I had a child.

“ Any being less vicious than my uncle, would have desisted on this second discovery. But it enflamed him the more ; and having this advantage over me, he said, with a sneer of triumph, ‘ So, modest niece, it is only
‘ when your uncle solicits, that you
‘ have fits of chastity. — Your favours are all reserved for the young
‘ rake-hell who has deflowered you.

‘ Can you, after this flagrant proof
‘ against you, dare to resist my desires ? Wretch, unworthy of the
‘ fondness I have for you, think sometimes ; consent to make me happy
‘ this moment, or dread my vengeance.’

“ I fell trembling at his knees ; implored heaven to protect me ; shed a torrent of tears. But instead of being touched, my uncle was instigated by brutal lust, and priestly resentment ; and imagining that grief had added a
new

new lustre to my beauty, he threw me down, resolved to ravish me.

“ I struggled as much as I could, without being able to get from him; and was reduced to the necessity of calling for help. All his love was instantly turned to hatred. How shocking was it, heavenly power, to receive such treatment from an uncle, and an archbishop too !

“ He beat my face black and blue ; and as soon as people were come, in consequence of my cries, the wicked prelate strengthened his former by a still greater crime ; declaring to them,
 ‘ Christians, my niece is a reprobate,
 ‘ a profane one. I from this moment
 ‘ abandon, and excommunicate her.
 ‘ She has been publicly dishonoured
 ‘ by a damned heretic, a wicked sub-
 ‘ orner. The child of their illicit
 ‘ embraces is an adulterous brat.

‘ May God, for his own honour
 ‘ and glory, confound both the mo-
 ‘ ther and child ; and now that they
 ‘ both have my malediction, let the
 ‘ in-

‘ inquisition immediately seize on
 ‘ them as theirs.’

“ His uncharitable menace did not terminate in mere words; for he was scarcely returned to Milan, when he set the grand inquisitor to work. Being made prisoner, they dragged me to a shocking dungeon, where the bread of sorrow was the only subsistence they allowed me. O subterraneous! O horrid den! fit only to receive the dead; but the squalid tomb of whatever living persons are hurried thither.

“ At the end of three days, they brought me up to the light, or rather to see the place where I was to be shamefully executed, a prey to devouring flames. What a cruel end for one of my sex, not twenty years old, and my infant son? There in this odious place should I have suffered a cruel and infamous death, but for the interposition of your victorious arm.

“ Many

no "Many a gentleman of this country would have undertaken my defence, but that the archbishop's threats palled their courage; eager to do evil, they are listless when any good work is proposed to them. But after all, when religion interferes, what can be expected from a credulous Italian, scared at the thought of a prelate's malediction? But the gallant French, who despise all superstitious condescension, to please a lady would bully a pope in the vatican."

Dunois, rouzed by honour, and the lady's piteous story; filled also with just indignation against her barbarous uncle, he was impatient to shew his valour in Dorothea's defence, and promised himself an easy victory.

But looking round, he was not a little surprized to find himself beset by an hundred archers, which frightful band was advancing behind his back to seize him. Their leader, a varlet in a black gown, and square cap, thus
pro-

proclaimed, in a tone of lugubrious solemnity, like that of the Miserere:

“ Be it known to all good christians present, that by the order of our holy mother the church, by the mandate of my lord the archbishop, and for the honour of God, that we have condemned to the flames this audacious stranger, this profane knight, and infamous champion in Dorothea’s cause; because we look upon him as an infidel, a heretic, and a forcerer; wherefore he is to be immediately burnt on his ass.”

O barbarous prelate! O thou Bu-
firis in a Cassock! this was a political
stroke of thine. True priestcraft!
Thou wert afraid of Dunois' valour,
and therefore didst enter into a plot
with the holy, or rather homicide
office, to sentence to death whoever
should be generous enough to under-
take poor Dorothea's defence; fearing
lest thy unnatural lust, and cruel per-
secution, should be revealed to those
crowds,

crowds, whom thou imposest on with a shew of sanctity.

The holy office's abominable escorte, a ruffian band of murderers, having advanced two steps, in order to seize the brave Dunois, smitten with a sudden fear, they retreated three. They attempt again to advance, and make the sign of the Cross, but find their feet reluctant.

The execrable Sacrogorgon, scared and trembling at their head, cries to them, "We must conquer or perish; Come, my lads, in the name of God, let us seize this forcerer."—All the clergy of the city, priests, deacons, &c. arrive successively, and going round the place of execution, copiously besprinkle the assembly with holy water. They exorcise, and say the prayers for casting out devils.—To crown this religious farce, the bishop lavished benedictions all around, while his bosom was torn with anxiety, dreading the event.

Dunois was highly piqued on seeing himself treated as the devil's envoy;

their heads. He kicks, he bites, and tramples under his feet the crowd of terrified miscreants. Sacrogorgon, lowering his vizor, began to retreat, but swearing all the time. Dunois assails the dog; points his sword at his codpiece, and drives it through his anus.

The monster falls. The spectators express their joy with reiterated shouts. — “The Almighty be praised; the barbarous Sacrogorgon is slain.” As the execrable villain lay struggling in the agonies of death, thus Dunois spoke to him:

“Abominable wretch! the jaws of hell gape to snatch at thy treacherous soul. As thou drestest the devil, confess that yon archbishop is a mitred villain, the intentional ravisher of his niece, and a wilfully perjured knave. Confess, at the same time, the innocence of injured Dorothea, whose fidelity to the youth she loves is inviolable. Confess also that thou art a meddler

meddling blockhead, and a scoundrel for thy pains."

"I am all you say, Sir, and more. — That I am a meddling blockhead is but too true; your sword has proved it." — Attempting to say more, Sacro-gorgon's vile soul relinquished his viler carcase, and fled post to hell.

As the fell spirit of the inquisition's bravo sped to the infernal regions, there advanced towards the place a squire, bearing a head piece with a golden lance. He was preceded by two postillions in a yellow livery; which was a sure sign of some great knight's approaching.

Dorothea, equally transported with love and amazement at the sight, cries, "Kind heaven, can it be! Is it then the dear object of my love! This indulgence to my prayers overpays all my sufferings. I absolve my stars!" — The people of Milan, who are naturally curious, turned all to see what knight was coming.

But say, my readers, are you not ashamed to resemble so much this volatile people, and to trouble yourselves about this strange revolution that happened in Milan, regardless of the main object of my work?

Very like, by this time, you have almost forgot the ramparts of Orleans, the king of France, the cruel besiegers, and the illustrious Amazon Joan D'Arc, the great avengeress of the French nation and their king; who, without petticoat, doublet, or cap, was obliged to run in the fields like a centaur. — Having all her reliance on succour from heaven, and none upon her own valour, she implored St. Denis's assistance, who was at that time forming a cabal in Paradise for the French interest, which was strenuously opposed by St. George of England.

I hope, courteous readers, you have not forgot the beautiful Agnes, and her charms. Every man of the polite world must certainly like her.

Nor

Nor do I think there is any wight so austere and sulky but would feel fond emotions in Agnes's company. How is that mortal to be pleased who should dislike Sorel?

Such miraculous adventures as that of Dorothea's being sentenced to be burnt, and her escaping so horrid a death by the intervention of providence, which it seems had never lost sight of her, seldom happen.

But that the object of your heart's affection, and for whose possession you so often sigh, should be found in the arms of a brawny churchman, or be enamoured of a handsome page, are accidents that happen frequently enough —without the assistance of miracles.

For my part, I love those adventures that draw nearest to human nature. Being a man, I glory in not being above the weaknesses of humanity. I have had mistresses in my time, and am not even now displeased to have a heart capable of feeling.



THE TENTH BOOK.

Agnes Sarel is followed by the chaplain of John Chandos. She regrets her lover.

WHAT, must I prelude to every book with a preface? I am tired of moralizing. A simple fact plainly told, containing nothing but the truth, and that succinctly exposed, without any frivolous flourishing, free from all manner of quaintness and affectation, must unwrinkle the brow of censure.

Therefore, be this thy method, Voltaire, to keep thy matter full in view. This is the advice of thy sincerest friend. The picture, faithful to nature, needs no adventitious ornament.

As

As soon as King Charles had entered Orleans, he began to encourage his friends, and gladden their hearts with hopes of success; boasting to them, that the destiny of France was to prevail over the English. He spoke of nothing but of proceeding to instant action. On his countenance he displayed a warlike joy, while in his heart he sighed for the absence of his mistress, blaming himself that he had left her, and that he had been able to separate himself a moment from her. It was certainly an effort of superior virtue, as it was quitting his better half.

As soon as retired from his crowd of courtiers (and that the emotions caused by the demon of glory, were all subsided, in order to give room to those inspired by the superior demon of love, whose insinuating influence, and artful arguments, always carry their point)

The distracted king listened to heavy Louvet, who made a very long harangue

rangue to him, and then withdrew into his chamber: there, with a trembling hand, he wrote down the dictates of a sorrowful heart. The letter he wrote was of so affecting a nature, that, as he wrote, he could not refrain from moistening it with his royal tears.

Alas ! faithful Bonneau was not there to wipe them off as they trickled down his cheeks. A rustic clumsy courtier was dispatched with this tender billet-doux. But how great was the king's anguish, on seeing him return with it in about an hour after ! " Alas ! " says the king, " why art thou returned ? Where is my billet-doux ? "

The other answers, shaking his head, and sobbing, " All is lost, my liege — The wicked English — Ah ! my prince — all is now a scene of confusion — The enemy has carried off — must I speak it ? — Agnes, and our maiden Joan. "

This news being indiscreetly uttered, and without any previous preparation, the king fell into the arms of his attendants. By recovering his senses, he recovered nothing but the faculty of being tortured by his unhappy situation. Whoever could hear such news unmoved, must be a stranger to the force of love.

But his then majesty of France was the pink of true lovers. So distressing an event filled his bosom with grief and rage. The officious courtiers strove in vain to divert his anguish. Poor king! he was very near running mad upon it; and his father, it is well known, run mad for a less cause.

He broke out into this violent lamentation.—“ Ah cruel English! had ye been satisfied to take forcibly from me Joan D’Arc, my knights, my clergy, my spiritual director, nay, the small tract of the Gallic empire, which my adverse stars have as yet suffered to remain to me; I could have borne those losses well — very well. —

“ But

“ But O! ye barbarians, ye now have robbed me of what my heart adores! O love! O Agnes! Ah me, unfortunate monarch. But why stay I here! Why thus meanly protract life, blubbering, snivelling, and tearing my hair? — No, no, it is resolved: I will not survive the loss of my dear Agnes; I have now for ever lost her.

“ Lost her, have I said! — Yes; and perhaps even now, while I here pour out idle lamentations, some brutal Englishman bends her charms to his desires; charms fit only to be enjoyed by Frenchmen! Another’s mouth now plucks kisses by the roots from her coral and juicy lips! — Another’s hand now moulds her snowy breasts, and strays over the velvet surface of her alabaster body! — And perhaps now another’s — O stop! — that way distraction lies!

“ I am now plunged chin-deep in wretchedness! who knows, if in this dreadful moment she may not prove, from the delicacy of her temperament,
 assenting

assenting to their concupiscence, and return transport for transport, forgetful of me, her faithful lover. If so — Charles, thou royal fool, beat at thy head, that let thy folly in, and thy dear judgment out.”

The afflicted monarch, unable to live in so racking an uncertainty, consults with all sorts of doctors, be they necromancers, fortune-tellers, Sorbonists, Jews, Dominicans,—he consults with every person who can read; nay spell, and put together.

“ Gentlemen (quoth the king) my request is, that ye inform me if Agnes Sorel continue faithful in her plighted troth to me; and if her tender heart pour out sighs and wishes for me alone. On your peril, gentlemen, do not deceive me in any article; tell nearly all you know or can discover relative to her.”

Being well paid for their trouble, they set immediately about consulting in Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, - Latin. One examines the lines in his majesty's hand;

hand ; another draws a square figure ; a third observes Venus and Mercury ; a fourth mutters over his psalter, and concludes with an *amen*. A fifth contemplates the bottom of a glass. A sixth draws circles on the ground. They are all cock-sure of their art ; and not one of them suspects that the devil has any hand in it.

They appeared so intensely laborious before his majesty, that their faces were dewed with sweat ; then returning thanks to heaven, they all (*ne-mine contradicente*) assure the king, that he may sleep in quiet. For they declare, that he is the only select among the heroes to whom the powers above have, by a special favour, granted a faithful mistress. They all vouched for the virtue of Agnes, and that she was deaf to every sollicitation.

Much they knew of the matter, good gentlemen, with their doctoral caps ! Agnes was not averse to the voice of love. — Agnes was already defiled. Who then, for the future,
can

can have any reliance on those learned
seers ; those revealers of things un-
known to them ? reverend impostors !

The barbarous and inexorable chap-
lain, profiting of the critical minute,
in spite of all the shrieks and lamenta-
tions of Agnes, revelled in her arms ;
and overwhelming her with his viril
energy, forced from her but imperfect
happiness.

How disagreeable is pleasure ! how
false the enjoyment, which, devoid of
allurement, deserves no better name
than mere brutal violence ! Inglorious
raptures, which love scorns to take
cognisance of.

What man of delicate feeling would
chuse to hold forcibly in his arms a
fair one, who turns from him her
mouth fraught with aversion ; or who
drowns with tears the bed she is com-
pelled to lie in.

All men of true gallantry have no-
bler views. They desire a reactive
kiss to every one of theirs ; and that
they should be pleasingly incited to

run

run each post; for the greatest part of their pleasure is to be the cause of it in others.

The chaplain, devoid of all such scrupulous delicacies, drives on careless whether the nymph partakes of his raptures or not. But the amiable page, whose respectful love, had run about the village, in order to procure every thing necessary for the regaling of his lovely nymph, on whom all his hopes of happiness depended, returns; but alas! returns too late. — With astonished eyes he beholds his ecclesiastic rival, stretched upon, and driving unmercifully at helpless innocence.

Monrose, enraged by the sight, snatches up a sword, and runs at the monster. The chaplain is obliged to dismount, and interrupt his lustful career, in order to save his life. He jumps from the bed, whips up a stick, attacks the page, and seizes him by the neck. They make a stout battle.

Mon-

Monrose, animated by love and courage; the chaplain by rage and lust.

Thus farmers, happy in the innocence of their retired way of life, often see a hungry wolf make from the neighbouring wood, and seize upon a trembling sheep, whose skin he tears, and drinks her blood. But as soon as the fell brute descries approaching the centinel dog, from his foamy mouth, reeking with blood he lets drop the palpitating prey, and runs at the dog, to chastise his insolence.

The dog plies him with his teeth; but the wounded wolf, kindled with rage, means to strangle his tough adversary; while the poor sheep, that lies not far off bleeding on the ground, offers up her earnest wishes for the dog's success.

Thus the brawny chaplain, with eyes ferocious and finewy arm, encountered the amiable page; while Agnes, half dead with fear, lay squat in bed, the lovely object of their contest.

The

The host and hostess, and all the family, men, women, boys and girls, run to the noise. They get between the combatants, and thrust the scandalous chaplain out of the room, every one declaring in behalf of the page; such is the advantage of youth and gracefulness.

The handsome Monroe is left alone to comfort the disconsolate beauty. And his rival, not at all abashed by so shameful an adventure, marched off to sing high mass.

Agnes, covered with shame, was in almost a despairing mood, that she should have been so far defiled by a chaplain; and what was still worse, that she should have been seen by the handsome page in so scandalous a subjection. She wept bitterly, nor dared to turn her eyes towards him. She wished that some sudden death would put an end to her life and her shame. And, the mortifying situation she was then in, she had power but to say,
 “ Ah!

" Ah ! sweet youth, be so kind as to kill me."

" You die ? my angel ! " (replies Monrose, with an impassioned tone of voice) " Shall the lust of a caitiff priest deprive me of my fair one ? Believe me, my dear, had you even consented, life through patience were still to be endured. It is neither for you nor me to repent for what has happened. — You erroneously yield your heart up a prey to idle remorse. Why should you punish yourself for the sin of another ? "

Though this discourse of the page was not very eloquent, his eyes were ; through which he insinuated so gentle a passion into the heart of Agnes, as to reconcile her to life.

Notwithstanding all their anxiety and grief, they waxed hungry, it being dinner-time. For such is the state of mortality, that the wretched, as well as the happy, feel the twitchings of their appetite. Many folks very often make a hearty meal, while they
are

are exclaiming against their hard fortune.

And this is the reason why those divine poets, the sage Virgil, and prattling Homer, whom college pedants implicitly admire, never fail to speak of eating, even in the midst of combats.

The fair Agnes, just near her bed, sat down to dinner in a tete-a-tete with the very courteous Monrose. They both being equally abashed, at first, fixed their eyes for a time on their plates; but growing bolder by degrees, they raised them up, and dared to look on each other. They stammered out a few mutual compliments, and proceeded to caresses.

My readers know very well, that in the flower of youth, where the constitution is vigorous, that the restorative juices extracted from a good dinner, diffuse through all the veins the seeds of sudden passions; Love erects his standard. — One feels a genial and pleasing fire dart through every part. We all know that on such
occa-

occasions, flesh is frail, and the devil always ready to tempt us.

Handsome Monroe, not able to conceal a passion which blazed thro' his eyes, in so ticklish a situation, throws himself in a suppliant posture at the feet of his dejected fair one. "O beloved object! adorable mistress! to think of death suits me more than you. Have pity on a submissive and a tender heart. Say, will you not permit my sincere love to obtain that favour, which a barbarian has presumed to snatch by force from you? Think, if his audacious crime has made him happy, what you owe to the more respectful passion, which now speaks through me? O listen to the voice of love!"

This argument had its weight. The fair one began to feel the strength of it. She resolved, however, to hold out for a whole hour: and an hour is a long time to postpone happiness, in order to reconcile honour and pleasure. Be that as it may, a little resistance

ance is of infinitely more service in love, than a too forward complaisance.

Monrose at length, the too happy Monrose, was made master of all he had wished so long for. He was in the full enjoyment of the highest blifs. The power and ambition of the English monarch extended no farther than to the subduing other kings. England's Henry could boast no more than his having conquered France. Far superior to his was Monrose's fortune.

But how fleeting are all the joys and happiness of this world ! Monrose had but taken a first draught from Cupid's cup, when a party of English arrives, sent by the chaplain's resentful contrivance. They rush into the house, run up stairs, break open doors, and find the intoxicated couple clasped in the folds of love.

Agnes and Monrose are both made prisoners, to be carried before Chandos. Were I to sell myself to the prince of darkness, I do not think I should,

should, even with his assistance, be able to describe the trouble, confusion, anxiety, despair, desolation, with the many crowding horrors, and frightful condition, in which were Agnes and her lover. They blushed for what they had done ; for having made each other happy : and were at their wits ends to know what they should say for themselves to haughty Chandos.




The



The ELEVENTH BOOK.

*What happened to the beautiful Agnes in
a convent of nuns.*

 T so fell out, that in the dusk of the evening a corps of English met twenty knights belonging to the French king, who used to patrol in that quarter every night, in order to get some intelligence of handsome Agnes, and of valiant Joan.

When two mastiffs, two cocks, or two lovers, come full tilt against each other. When a Jansenist zealot for grace efficacious meets an antagonist in one of Ignatius's tribe. When a disciple of Luther or Calvin comes athwart a Tramontane ecclesiastic,
there

there immediately ensues a warfare of foul mouths, pens, or lances.

In as rapid a manner the gend'arms of France, from the first moment they discovered the Britons, ran at them. The English (as is their nation's custom) make a vigorous resistance. Tremendous blows are given and returned on both sides.

In the midst of this violent conflict, fair Agnes's palfrey, that was young, active, and mettlesome, like herself, pranced and capered about, reared, plunged, and kicked, till quite scared by the din of clashing arms, he ran away with his beautiful rider.

Agnes, more affrighted than her courser, strives in vain, with a trembling hand, to check or guide him in the wild impetuosity of his speed. Therefore, being too weak to hold the bridle as he pulled, she let it go, and on her horse her destiny depended.

In the heat of the skirmish, handsome Monrose, from whose thoughts Agnes was never a moment absent,

K

could

could not devise what was become of her, or whither she was gone. Her almost flying steed equals the wind in swiftness, and having ran six miles full stretch, stopt in a tranquil valley, just over against the gate of a convent.

Near the said monastery was a pleasant wood, and, contiguous to the wood, a pellucid serpentine river wind-ed its pleasing course among an agreeable variety of flower banks, whose diversified beauties were reflected in its polished mirror.

A little farther on, the eye is cheared by the prospect of a green hill, whose sides are enriched, and whose summit is crowned every harvest, with the delicious invention of Noah; who, when tired of sailing in the large hutch he had been obliged to take his asylum in, came forth in order to set propagation a-going, and repair the great loss of the human species: he then instituted the vine, vineyard, and good fellowship.

The

The country all around was beautified with gifts of Flora and Pomona. The gentle breath of Zephyrus fanned their exhaling sweets. The ravished eye skips from pleasing to more pleasing objects. The Paradise of our first parents had not a more delightful valley; nor in any other part of the world does nature present so blooming and luxuriant a countenance.

The air one breathes in this retirement lulls a fluctuating heart to peace, becalms the disquietudes of grief, and makes busy mortals become enamoured of solitude.

Agnes, reposing herself on the bank of the silver stream, fixed her bright eyes on the convent, and all the tumult of her heart subsided.

You are to know, courteous reader, that this was a convent of nuns. "O! delicious retreat! (cries Agnes) happy spot! on which heaven has poured its favours. — You are the virtuous, abode of innocence and peace! — Ah me! how different is my lot! —

Perhaps, through the infinite indulgence of heaven, have I been purposefully conducted hither, to repent and weep for the past follies of my life.

“ Here pious vestals, the chaste spouses of the Deity they adore, with the pure odours of their virtue, embalm this religious retirement. But sinful I have hitherto devoted my life to the indulgence of our sex’s frailty, and the loose enjoyment of illicit pleasures.”

While Agnes was making this soliloquy, in an energetic manner, and chancing to descry over the portal of the convent a cross, she instantly drops on her knees to adore this sacred memorial of mankind’s salvation. Feeling herself actuated by a sudden compunction, she resolved to go and disembody her foul conscience into the ears of a confessor. Quick is the transition from love to devotion ; they both derive their origin from the same cause, human weakness !

The

The venerable abbess of this monastery had been gone away two days to Blois, in order to support some privileges of her convent, then and there attacked. She had deputed sister Befogne to act in her absence, and invested her with the superintendance of every article till her return.

Sister Befogne ran to the parlour to receive Agnes, who had applied for admission. With a benign and inviting air, she says, "Come in, fair traveller; we shall look upon this as a particular favour of the patron of our convent to have sent, to humble herself at the foot of our altar, such a paragon of beauty, that must have proved dangerous to all male beholders.

"But perhaps, fair excellence, you are some angel, or some saint, who have kindly quitted your celestial abode, in order, by a special favour, to comfort here below the virgins devoted to heaven that reside in our convent."

K 3

"Ah!

“ Ah ! kind sister, you do me too much honour in thinking so favourably of me ; for I, alas ! am a very daughter of flesh, and of this wicked world. The best part of my life has been spotted over with a multitude of sins. If ever I should chance to get into Paradise, I must rank in Magdalen’s retinue.

“ I do not know by what caprice of destiny, what order from above, what influence of my guardian angel, and particularly, by what sudden impulse of my horse, I have been brought to this holy place.

“ But this I know, that my soul is now actuated with a most violent remorse for past offences. My heart is not as yet hardened in wickedness. — I love virtue, though I have been long disused from the practice of it. With joy I now find a returning sense of it ; and feel, by the dictates of heavenly grace, that in order to work my salvation, I must lie in this convent to-night.”

Sister

Sister Besogne encouraged the fair penitent with that prudent mildness due to sinners. As she conducted Agnes to her own cell, she praised her beauty, lamenting at the same time the sinful prostitution of it. — Sister Besogne's cell was very neat and light-some, full of flower-pots, and elegantly decorated. It contained a large bed, that by its swelling plumpness seemed to solicit pressure. One would have imagined that Cupid's hand had arranged every thing in this delicate little lodge.

Agnes muttered to herself a prayer of thanksgiving to providence, for being brought thither; and says, with a rapturous sigh, to sister Besogne, "There is more pleasure in repenting than sinning."

After supper (what follows is too material a point to omit in my narrative) sister Besogne thus kindly addressed the fair stranger: "It is now dark night; and you doubtless know, sweet lady, that this is the time

the evil spirit roves about to tempt the holy ; and that he now seeks whom he may devour.

“ Let you and I then, for our mutual preservation, lie together ; that in case the devil should attempt any thing against either, or both : he may find us united in pious works to be too strong for him.”

Agnes agreed readily to the proposal ; and, undressing herself, thinks she is going to lie between the sheets of virtue ; wherein having stretched her limbs, she thinks herself already absolved, and demi-fainted. — But alas ! poor girl, she knew not what her adverse destiny had reserved for her.

Modest reader, how can I tell you without a blush in my face, and exciting one in yours, who this sister Besogne was ! A faithful historian must omit nothing. Be it then proclaimed to the world, that sister Besogne was a brisk young fellow, endowed with the strength of Hercules, and beauty of Adonis. Lillies and roses
rivalled

rivalled each other in his complexion; fresh as the morning dew! — He was but just turned of his twentieth year.

The mother abbess, like a sensible woman, had lately made conventual provision of this youth for herself, and all the sisters that should have the green sickness. He lived in the convent in the same harmless manner that Achilles, disguised in female attire, lived in the court of Licomedès; where he was favoured by the particular fondness of Deidamia, and where he dealt occasional civilities to the other ladies.

The new penitent, Agnes, had not been long lain down, when on the sudden she discovered a prodigious change in sister Besogne, by which however she was no loser. It would have proved in vain, had she cried out, lamented, or strove to awake the convent. Such imprudent conduct would only have caused a general scandal among the sisters, and about what most of them had already tasted of.

All that Agnes could do, for decency's sake, was to resign herself to the decrees of fate, hold her tongue, sigh, and suffer with patience. Besides, in such alerts, not a moment is allowed for reflexion.

As soon as sister Besogne had finished a first career (the strongest grow weary at last) and abated somewhat of the first violence of the attack; poor Agnes, with a contrite heart, made this reflexion to herself.

"I am now convinced how foolish that fine project of mine has been, to become one day an honest woman. I see all female efforts to live chaste are in vain, unless heaven will be of the party."

The



The TWELFTH BOOK.

The English ravish the nuns. A bloody battle ensues between Joan D'Arc and some of the English.

READER, I will inform you, without any studied circumlocution, that the happy pair, the supposed nun, and the supposed penitent, having wantoned all the night in love's fiercest raptures, the cloaths fallen off, lay near each other in the morning, their beauteous limbs stretched in the balmy embraces of sleep, that they might recover from their amorous intoxication.

But on the sudden an horrid noise disturbs their repose; and their awaking eyes are scared on every side with the horrid glare of war's dire flambeau waved high in the air by ghastly death.

The ground all around the convent was drenched with blood. Seven squadrons

drons of ferocious English had defeated the same number of French. The latter ran for safety over the plain ; the former pursued, knocking down, killing, and crying to them, quite out of breath, " Die, recreants, this moment, or return Agnes to us." But alas ! not one of the flying French could give the English any intelligence of the fair maid, not knowing where she was.

Upon hearing their enquiry, old Colin, a shepherd of that neighbourhood, spoke to them. " Gentlemen of England, as I yesterday tended my flocks hereabouts, I saw the very paragon of Beauty retire to yonder convent."

" Thanks to you, father," replied the English warriors to the shepherd ; and turning to each other, swore, " By G—d it is Agnes ; let us strait to the convent."

The word was scarcely uttered, when the impious English set about scaling the sanctified walls. Desolation is now in the holy place. Ravenous wolves,

wolves, howling destruction, are in the midst of innocent and bleating lambs.

They scour through the galleries, break open the doors of every cell, search the chapel, peep under the very altar, and dive down into the cellar, that no asylum might be left for modesty, whose destruction was vowed by those declared enemies to the handmaids of piety and heaven. The audacious libertines attack all they meet without any remorse of conscience, or scruple whatever.

Ah poor sister Agnes! sister Monica! sister Ursula! and sister Clare! whither do you haste, raising your hands to heaven, your chaste bosoms a prey to grief, while something worse than death vibrates before your eyes. Alas! poor sighing doves, whither can you fly for safety from those libidinous vulturs?

In vain do your trembling hands take hold of the altar for protection. From all others but the profane English this respectable asylum might be a safeguard for your chastity. It is in
vain

vain that, in this imminent danger, you call aloud on your heavenly spouse for his assistance.

It is the pride of your sacrilegious ravishers to defile you on the altar before his eyes. The greatness of the sin is a whet to their carnal appetite. Ah me! poor ravaged flock of innocents! you are brutally forced to transgress the vows of chastity you had made to your sweet Saviour.

I know very well that there are many loose-minded readers, wags by profession, who, devoid of modesty, and declared enemies to nuns, would, in their frivolous mirth, treat the ravishing of them as a mere jest.

Peace to all such — Alas! my dear sisters, I shudder when I think on your cruel situation. Can any thing be more horrible for young and tender hearts, harmless and timid virgins, than to be necessitated to struggle in the embraces of homicides by trade; to receive the offensive kisses of monsters reeking with human blood?

Their

Their eyes fiercely blazing with lust, and blasphemies vollying from their mouths, their pleasure is rather horror. They make love with so much ferocity, that there is a detestable savageness in their close approaches.

Their breath strong and infectious, their rough beards, violent hands, strong bodies, vigorous limbs, seem by the dire exertion to rather deal death about than love. In fine, so outrageous were their attacks, that they might easily be taken for demons ravishing angels.

Already the wicked effrontery of the English had stripped the poor things, to contemplate their naked and most secret beauties. Sister Rebondi, so remarkable for her discretion and prudence, was fallen to the lot of Shipunk.

Sister Amidon is besieged by inflexible Barcklay, and by Wharton, who made a joke of the christian system. All the poor women can do, is to shed tears, and cry out, while their merciless

ciless tyrants push forward, swear, and keep a driving as fast as they can.

In the midst of this tumult sister Besogne was seen, defending herself from the attacks of Harding and Curton, deaf to all her representations. But having discovered the imposture, the inviting figure they could not use as a woman, they used as a Ganymedes.

In the general cause of affliction, lovely Agnes was not neglected : it was the hard fate of this charming woman to be always compelled to sin against her inclination. She was seized upon by the bloody leader of those sacrilegious banditti. For, laying his claim to Agnes with a triumphant insolence, the soldiery (in his presence curbing their rage) yielded her to him respectfully.

Heaven, just in the ultimate design of things (however severe its present decrees may appear to human understanding) meant to put an end to the convent's misery. For at the very time the English ravishers were spreading their abominations in the chaste circles

circles of holy Sion, the good Saint Denis, patron of France, and ever a friend to innocence, resolved to elope from above, unperceived by the restless suspicions of haughty George, the patron saint of England, and sworn foe to France.

Denis slid down post from Paradise, but not mounted as usual on his ray of light, fearing lest its luminous track should discover him to roystering George. He had applied to the god of mystery, the most discreet and prudent of the celestials, who hates noise, and makes all his movements in the dark.

It is true, that most bad actions are committed under his patronage; but nevertheless, the wise and virtuous often apply to him. He delights to be worshipped in church and court. In days of yore all love affairs were under his guidance.

The mysterious power seated Denis in the midst of a cloud, and made him drop downwards in a by-way, remote from the common course. As soon

as alit upon earth, the beneficent patron of France met Joan D'Arc not far from Blois riding the mule-driver, and praying God at the same time, that, by some lucky adventure, she might get her armour again.

The kind saint immediately accosted her in the benignest manner, " O dearly beloved maid ! O virgin, destined by heaven to be the protectress of maidens, and of kings ! haste with thy assistance, and relieve modesty almost at the last gasp. Haste and defeat the farther progress of brutal insolence. O haste, that thy revengeful arm, which has avenged the injuries done to the lillies of France, may save a chaste nunnery from total destruction.

Yon convent is the scene of present violation ; there the *in-flagranti* demon rages. O haste, and extirpate him from the holy precincts ! Joan hies thither, obedient to the saint's command, spurring the mule-driver along, whose pace to accelerate, St. Denis strikes him on the rump with his crosier.

Joan

Joan is now amongst the infamous reprobates, whose pastime was to pollute venerable ladies. Joan being naked too, an impudent English fellow, turning his eyes where she was, conceived a sudden passion for her, imagining that her naked appearance there was to come in for a share of the feast.

He runs to her without any ceremony, and to her virgin nakedness was going to apply his obscene nastiness, when she in return slit his nose for him with her scimitar. The wretch falls on the ground, pronouncing that word which the polite French reverence so much, for its peculiar energy, and being consecrated to pleasure; but which indeed the profane vulgar often let slip in their anger.

Joan, trampling on the scoundrel as he bleeds, loudly addresses his wicked countrymen, "Stop, cruel monsters! stop, you impious crew! cease your violations, fell ravishers! fear me through God; and God for his justice:

justice: which will not suffer such crimes as yours to escape unpunished."

Her speech was in vain; for the wicked miscreants, each niched on his nun, were deaf to all remonstrances, and solely intent on pushing their main point. Thus young asses, that have broke into a garden, feed on the springing flowers, regardless of the cries of the owner, and of the servant maids, that want to drive them out.

Joan observing with what obstinate insolence they persevered in their wicked work, was filled with a holy horror. She invokes God, and being assisted by her patron Saint Denis, plies nimbly her sword from nape to nape, from back to back, striking some, and stabbing others with her divine blade.

Here she splits one who was just going to begin; there she dispatches another as he was in the crisis of his affair. In fine, each ravisher was stabbed incumbent on his nun; and expiring in the midst of forced pleasure, went plumb to the devil.

Bold

Bold Wharton, who had been more expeditious in dispatching his business than the others, was the only one who, disengaging from his nun, sprung upon his feet, took his armour, and presented himself to assail Joan; but in a different attitude from that he had been lately in.

O thou great saint, protector of our state, beneficent St. Denis, who wast witness to this combat, communicate to my faithful muse the mighty exploits which thou then sawest Joan perform.

Alarmed somewhat, nay amazed at the first appearance of the man, she cries out with a voice of admiration, " Say, holy Denis, my ever honoured saint, do not I see upon that wicked Briton my corslet, my celestial armour! The glorious present thou hast made to me glitters provokingly to my eyes from yon miscreant's back; nay, he has my helmet too, and every other article."

Joan was quite in the right in what she said. For Agnes Sorel, who had trucked

trucked her female geer for this armour, in which she dressed herself secretly ; being afterwards stripped thereof by John Chandos, he gave it to his valiant squire, Isaac Wharton, who then had it on his back. By a special decree of heaven, Joan fights Wharton for the recovery of her armour.

Wharton's intrepidity, joined to his being covered with steel, could not help being astonished by the brisk attack of a young and mettlesome Brunette. It went fore against his heart to think of using any offensive weapon but one, against a naked woman.

His hand refused its office, and loth to wound a beauteous body, lets fall the scimitar. The enraptured hero retires two or three paces, to admire the various wonders then displayed before him.

End of the First Volume.

